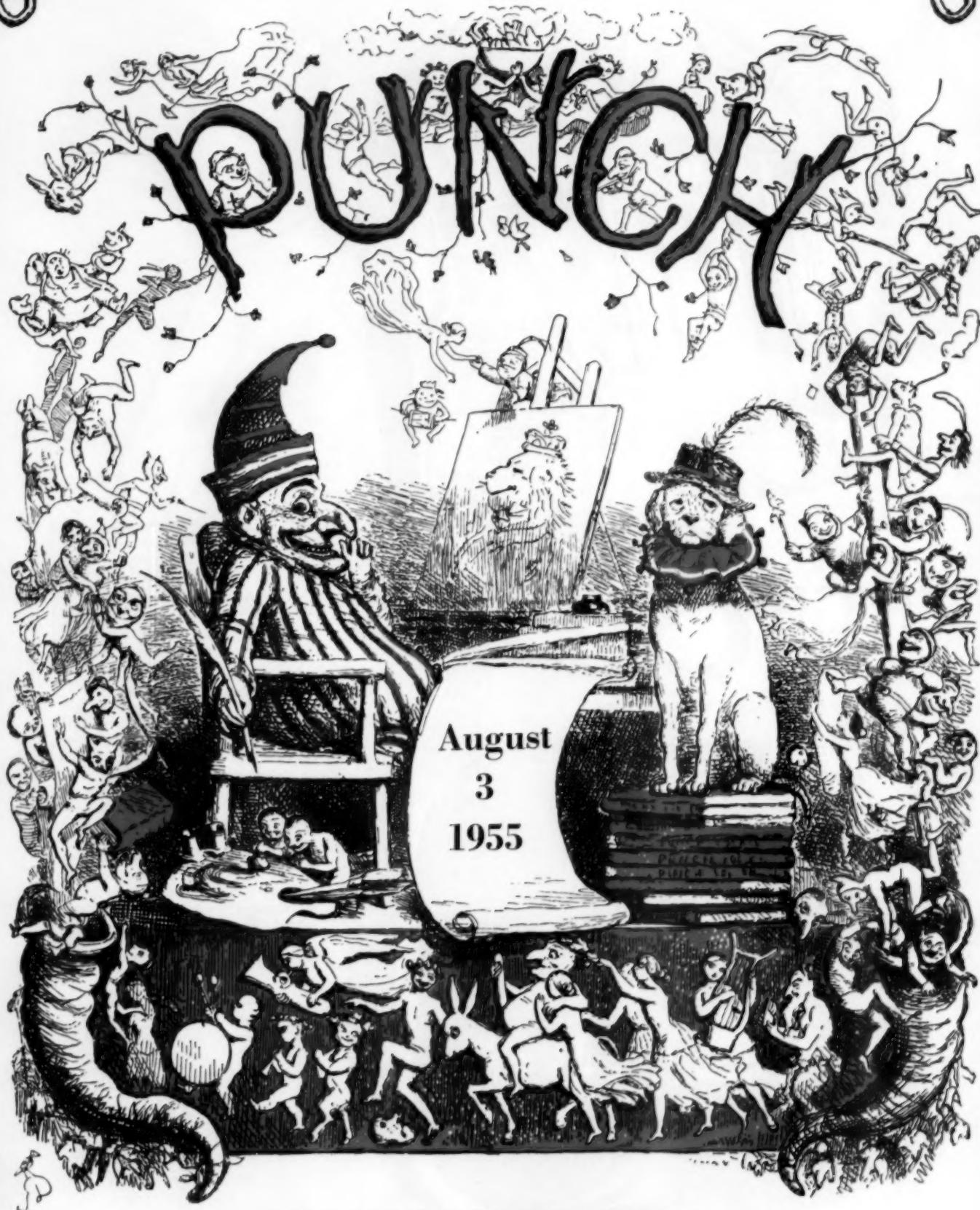


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PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.

Punch, August 3, 1955



The new hydro-electric power station at Los Peares, N.W. Spain. Electrical equipment by The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.

HIGH & LOW



At the coal face — a coal cutter, powered by a Metropolitan-Vickers flameproof motor.



Up in the hills of Los Peares is the biggest and most important of the power stations of Spain. Its electrical equipment was supplied by The British Thomson-Houston Company, one of the great partnership of British Companies which is Associated Electrical Industries Ltd.

Down in the mines of the world, electrical equipment made by another famous partner—Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company—is helping the miner's output. There are twelve famous Companies of A.E.I. Together, they make electrical equipment for the world.

An investment in Associated Electrical Industries is an investment in all these companies:

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.

&

Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.

&

Birlec Ltd.

&

The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.

&

Ferguson Paulin Ltd.

&

The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.

&

Coldrator Ltd.

&

Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.

&

Siemens Brothers & Co. Ltd.

&

Sunvic Controls Ltd.

&

Newton Victor Ltd.

&

Australian General Electric Pty. Ltd.



*Musician beating it
to the bar*

Are you a Mackeson type?

voice choirs, majors both retired and scarlet, milliners, models — and ME. We're all Mackeson types. We like it that way. We've tried it, and *tasted the difference*. It puts a song in the heart."



TRY IT—AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!



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2 Years Guarantee**



Shaving BRUSH
Made from Bristle and Badger

THE PROGRESS SHAVING BRUSH COMPANY LIMITED
Mottram St., STOCKPORT, Cheshire. 92 Regent St., LONDON W.I.

After Shave Luxury

To feel so well shaved that you could take a salute with confidence — use Imperial Leather After Shave Lotion. Its unassuming perfume will give a great filip to your well-being.
N.B. For electric shaving reverse the process. Use After Shave Lotion before you shave.



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CEYLON

The Isle of Pageantry



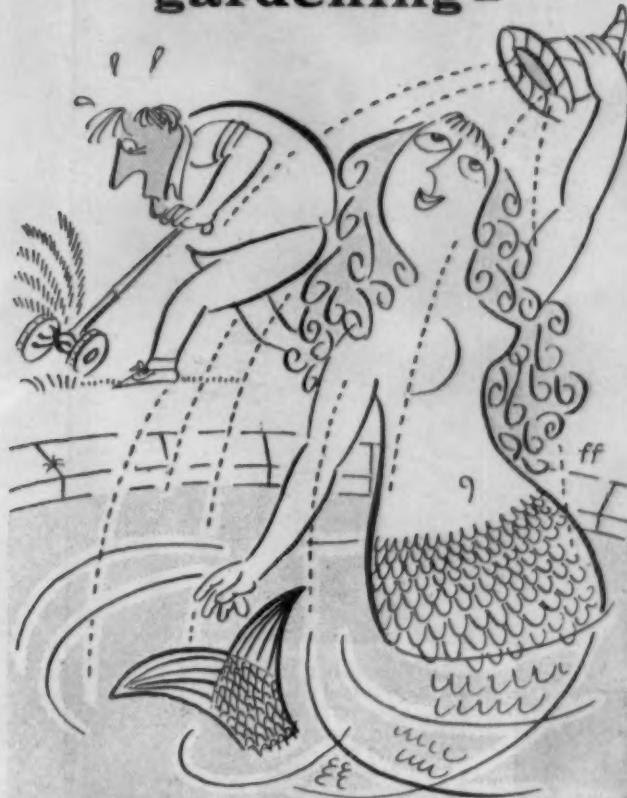
Ceylon's countless attractions are not only enchanting, many of them are truly unique.

Its age-old shrines and temples, its gorgeous pageantries fascinate eye and mind; its climate, romantic beauty, wild life, palms and flowers and recreative delights ensure a holiday unforgettable.

CEYLON BOOKLET FREE

From Travel Agents or Ceylon House, 13 Hyde Park Gardens, London, W.2.
CEYLON GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU, COLOMBO

Are you hot at gardening -



or cool as a
midsummer mermaid?

Do you feel like Milton's "swink't hedger" (*Comus*) or Shakespeare's "sun-burn'd sicklemen of August weary" (*The Tempest*) after an afternoon's gardening or mowing the lawn? Even if you haven't a swimming pool handy and you can't plunge "under the glassy, cool, translucent wave"** of the summer sea, there's one very effective (and very economical) way of cooling off.

Try a glass of sparkling Andrews. It's one of the most refreshing drinks you could have on a really hot day. It's not only thirst-quenching but it tastes delicious too. Puts other drinks in the shade. Cuts down liverishness. Smooths away bad temper and tiredness. Systematically weeds out minor stomach disorders.

**Comus* again

ANDREWS FOR INNER CLEANLINESS

AUGUST

SILLY SEASON

It is highly suspicious that it was in August that the Captain and Crew of HMS *Daedalus* saw a sea-serpent. August is traditionally the month of strange reports in newspapers supposedly put together by second-eleven journalists. The story is that all the responsible newspapermen—editors, assistant editors and so on—are away yachting or shooting grouse, and a shadow staff of credulous and scoop-happy "cubs" are putting out Fleet Street's newspapers. Sea-serpents, lorry-drivers buried under ten tons of eggs, Old Etonian Turks attaining incredible ages, Moscow's claim to have invented whisky, flying saucers . . . We are relaxed in August, even if not actually on holiday. And we become used to travellers' tales from our own friends, too. We receive those occasional postcards with gay foreign stamps (insufficient generally) with the word *Angleterre*, *Inghilterra* or whatever, variously mis-spelt, under our own very English-sounding address. Abroad, with time on their idiot hands, a belief that they can speak the local *patois*, and a determination to make us stay-at-homes envious, our friends write and tell us of local customs and Customs, food and drink, weather and the price of butter and bullfights. Their postcards get no answer from us. In time they answer themselves. But they have been a not unpleasant part of the Silly Season, and, if we go abroad ourselves, we inflict such postcards on others.



The Midland Bank only "goes abroad" in the sense that it has branches on board the great Cunard liners. It has, however, ensured continuity of service for its globe-trotting customers by making working arrangements with more than 16,000 overseas banking institutions.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED



Atr Commandant Dame Felicity Peake learned to pilot a 'plane in 1937, and in 1939 joined the service which later became the W.A.A.F. She was the first woman to be appointed M.B.E. (Military Division), for gallantry when Biggin Hill was bombed in 1940. Director of the W.A.A.F. from 1946 to 1949, and of the W.R.A.F. from 1949 until her retirement the following year. Honorary A.D.C. to King George VI. Now an executive director of the family brewery and a Governor of the London Hospital. In 1952 she married a Vice-Chairman of one of the 'big five' banks. Divides her time between an office in the City, a small house in Mayfair and a farm in Oxfordshire.

"My Daily Mail" by DAME FELICITY PEAKE

"I LIKE THE DAILY MAIL because it is written for women as well as for men, and those features which are of special interest to women are just as well composed as the rest of the paper.

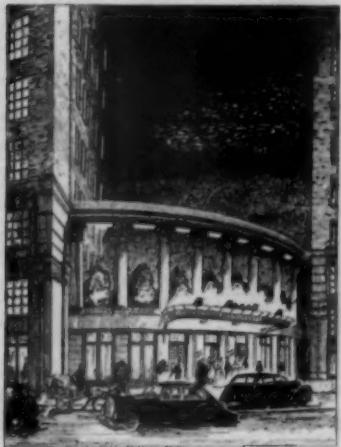
The print is good and easy to read and the photographs are reproduced so clearly. The news is not distorted and the headings avoid sensationalism.

I've spent a good many years in uniform but I am, nevertheless, very interested in fashion. Iris Ashley is one of the best fashion writers I know.

And her articles gain a lot from those delightful drawings by Francis Marshall.

I seldom go to a cinema or a theatre, so when I do I like to think there is a good chance that I shall enjoy what I see. I find the Daily Mail reviews most helpful when I'm making up my mind. They hardly ever give a false impression and they're most enjoyable to read.

In fact, I like my Daily Mail and wish it well on its way."



"NOWHERE IN THE WORLD IS THERE BETTER FOOD OR BETTER COOKING THAN IN THE FINE BRITISH HOTELS—OF WHICH GROSVENOR HOUSE IS AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE AND ONE WHOSE REPUTATION CONTINUES TO GROW BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD" stated Sir Charles Taylor, Chairman of Grosvenor House (Park Lane) at the recent Annual Meeting of the Company.

"Profits for the year show a further increase" Sir Charles continued, "and this is encouraging since the previous year's results included the whole period of the Coronation festivities."

MAINTENANCE COSTS

"The cost to-day of building, of alterations, and of new plant and machinery is very high.

"During the year a new and larger Cocktail Bar has been created and a new ballroom air-conditioning plant is also being installed which will make the ballroom as efficient and attractive as the finest in any country. For this and other planned expenditures a new account has been opened in the Balance Sheet.

PARK STREET DEVELOPMENTS

"Due to the enormous present-day costs involved in building, equipping and furnishing as compared with revenue earning capacity, your Directors are satisfied that it is uneconomic to build and equip a first-class hotel.

Your Company can, however, add a number of hotel bedrooms basic services. We have, therefore, submitted development plans for the site known as 35 Park Street, which will make a contribution to the hotel accommodation in London, to the traffic problems of Park Lane and Park Street, and at the same time will provide a fair return on the investment. I am convinced that these additional bedrooms will be among the finest and most practical in the world, and that the service which will be rendered to clients using these bedrooms will be unsurpassed.

"In view of the special expenditure and development programmes, the Directors recommend a dividend of 10 per cent and a bonus of 5 per cent, which, in effect, amounts to the same total as last year."

In conclusion the Chairman paid a warm tribute to the management and staff.

The report was adopted.



GROSVENOR HOUSE (PARK LANE) LIMITED

AT the 45th Annual General Meeting of The London County Freehold and Leasehold Properties Limited held on July 25 in London, Mr. Thomas J. Cullen, Chairman and Managing Director, presided and in the course of his speech said:—

Our gross rental income for the year was £2,339,560, being £45,534 more than last year. The net revenue was £297,940.

Our properties are in an excellent state of repair. The increase in property outgoings was £42,402 against an increase in rental income of £45,534.

The Housing Repairs and Rents Act, 1954, came into operation at the end of August last. After an enormous amount of work, the increased cost of services and repairs has been generally agreed. The amount actually receivable by agreements made under the terms of the Act is still substantially below the actual amount of the increased outgoings which we have incurred. The proportion brought into the Accounts for the past year is relatively small but the balance of the sums agreed will be recoverable in the current year and there will be further substantial increases year by year. Our rents, even if the whole of the increase in the cost of services and repairs were added, would still be low—indeed it would not be possible to build flats to let at such figures.

Your Directors are glad to be able to recommend payment of a small increase in dividend for the past year and look forward to continued improvement in the net income available for distribution. Good housing is a necessity—and our work is of considerable value to the community. It is hoped that those who invest money in such work will in future receive more encouragement from the Government.



Residential flats in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia (right)
Northgate—a fine residential block in London (left)



OPPORTUNITIES IN RHODESIA

In February last I visited Rhodesia and was offered a unique opportunity of managing two very fine properties in course of construction in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, with an option to purchase at the end of two years. We are accordingly establishing a small office there under the control of one of our trained Managers. I was most impressed by the prosperity of the Federation and the possibility of suitable property investments. Material benefit should accrue from our interests there.

The report was adopted and the total dividend of 1s. 3d. per 10s. unit of Ordinary Stock was approved.

THE LONDON COUNTY FREEHOLD AND LEASEHOLD PROPERTIES LTD.

58 Albert Court, Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, S.W.7

finest petrol

in the World





CHARIVARIA

THREE is reason to believe that weather prophets are beginning to draw their horns in at last. A recent edition of the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* followed up its forecast for the day with "Further Outlook: Probably continuing mostly."

Nostalgia Held at Bay

FRESH from Geneva, President and Mrs. Eisenhower stepped out of their aircraft at Washington Airport into the pouring rain, and no umbrellas were provided because Vice-President Nixon, heading the reception party, thought, according to one report, "that the sight of an umbrella might have been associated with the idea of appeasement." In the same way, when Mr. Harold Macmillan stepped out of his aircraft at London Airport and announced "There ain't gonna be any war," he had the prudence not to wave any document to prove it.

No, No, Yours was Last Year

RECENT matrimonial news from Hollywood prompted an interesting genealogical tree in one of our dailies which showed the husbands of all the wives and the wives of all the husbands of two newly-united celebrities—and



suggested to the thoughtful reader how tricky it must be to achieve strict accuracy in the advertisements about famous husbands giving famous wives those birthday fountain-pens.

No Case

News agencies never sleep, and one of them recently roused a lethargic Fleet Street with the Rome report that

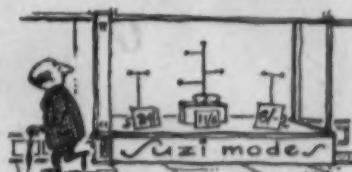
six men had been arrested for whistling at girls in the street. The defence, it is understood, was that they weren't actually whistling, only trying to say "Lollobrigida."

Treasure in Heaven

MILLIONS of Americans have been thumbing through the world's best seller in the hope of winning a sixty-four thousand dollar prize in a television quiz programme on Biblical themes. This is said to be the biggest religious revival since crossword puzzles first came in.

Be a Rush for These

HUSBANDS who have never been able to understand why wives put up with the expense and inconvenience of



stockings feel their curiosity still unsatisfied after reading that the latest seamless variety gives the appearance of bare legs.

Quite Enough of That

MEN at a Peterborough brickworks who recently achieved a record production figure of 8,000,000 bricks a day are going to be hurt when some keen trade unionist points out the one they've dropped.

Quiet Down Here

MANY areas of the country are becoming seriously affected by mining subsidence, and Parliament had a word to say in both Houses before the recess. Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd missed an opportunity of pointing out, however, that the problem of getting people to go

down the mines would be considerably simplified when we were all down them already.

No Precedent, Please

WHEN an optician recently gave himself an eye test and then applied for his National Health Service fee it was



obvious that his claim must be turned down. The thing could be catching: it only needs the first sick doctor to take a bench in his own waiting-room and . . .

Just a Suggestion

CORRESPONDENCE in *The Times* about our policy of bombing Arab villagers in the Aden Protectorate when they refuse to pay their fines made several interesting points, among them the fact that if our bombs do damage estimated to exceed the value of the unpaid fines, we pay compensation for the balance. This seems over-generous in these hard times. Surely the Arabs ought to be charged with the cost of the bombs? This might keep their accounts in debit, where they belong. Also, what about finding another word instead of Protectorate?

Coventry, Overcrowding Peril

ONE Jamaican out of the latest ship-load to leave for England told reporters, "Only a fool would expect to make a living without working for it. I will work hard at any job I get." This is no way to get accepted in British working circles.

Statistics Without Tears

DISTRIBUTION has begun of two hundred and fifty thousand posters,

well-finished in four colours, showing by means of drawn symbols the main items of the Government's revenue and expenditure. These do not go into sufficient detail, however, to show the cost to the taxpayer of two hundred and fifty thousand posters, well-finished in four colours, showing by means of drawn symbols the main items of the Government's revenue and expenditure.

Better than Rather Foothill

THE language was due for a new and vital adjective; "wizard" has gone, and "smashing" is going. Students of English usage were delighted with the *Daily Telegraph* headline, "Very Summit," says Premier."

What Do You Mean—Sting?

IT is all a matter of approach. Among the cheering features cited in his annual report for last year the President of a life assurance society begins by referring to "a favourable mortality experience."

Spoiling the Egyptians

It is revealed that H.M.S. "Zenith" and H.M.S. "Myngs" were sold to Egypt a few weeks before the attack on S.S. "Anshun" in the Aqaba Gulf.

We sell them destroyers; and then,
if you please,
They shoot at our ships in the Aqaba
seas.
Egyptian relations are changeable things;
What we lose on the "Anshun" we gain
on the "Myngs."



Inexpensive Progress

ENCASE your legs with nylons
Beside your hills with pylons
O age without a soul,
Away with gentle willows
And all the elmy billows
That through your valleys roll.

Let's say good-bye to hedges
And roads with grassy edges
And winding country lanes;
Let all things travel faster
Where motor car is master
Till only Speed remains.

Destroy the ancient inn-signs
But strew the roads with tin signs
"Keep Left," "A.3," "Keep Out!"
Command, instruction, warning,
Repetitive adorning
The rockeried roundabout;

For every raw obscenity
Must have its small "amenity,"
Its patch of shaven green,
And hoardings look much prettier
In banks of red poinsettia
With floodlights in between.

Leave no old village standing
Which could provide a landing
For aeroplanes to roar,
But spare all cheap defacements
Like huts with shattered casements
Unlived-in since the war.

Let no provincial High Street
Which might be your or my street
Look like what once it did,
But let the chain stores place here
Their miles of black glass facia
Till all we loved is hid.

And if there is some scenery,
Calm unpretentious greenery,
Surviving anywhere,
It does not need protecting
For soon we'll be erecting
A Power Station there.

When all our roads are lighted
By concrete monsters sited
Like gallows overhead,
Bathed in the coloured vomit
Each monster belches from it
We'll know that we are dead.

JOHN BETJEMAN

PUNCH, August 3 1955



ENGLISH LANDSCAPE



"Excuse me, madam, your front door's open; anyone could walk in."

The Paper Captains

By ANTHONY CARSON

A LITTLE time ago I was wandering through North Africa when I came to the town of Drift. It is a town mainly populated by Arabs, with a beautiful cliff-like Kasbah, and French, Spanish and Italian quarters. If you live in the French quarter it is possible to lead the sort of life you might lead in Lyons: it is full of poodles and modistes and tinkling scandal. There are fine avenues of trees and a stream of prosperous cars and everyone looks rich. The Spanish quarter is cheaper, more violent and theatrical. The squares bulge with processions, flocks of goats, shoeblocks and beautiful shrill women. It was here

that I decided to stay, and found myself an hotel called the Delirio, near the main square. Apart from the sound of beating through the walls, insects, cats making love on the roofs, and two people learning to play the saxophone, it was pleasant and quiet. I frequented all the bars until I found a particular one which sold wine at twopence a glass, including anchovy and olives.

It was here that I met certain of the English-speaking colony. "Welcome to Drift," said one of them, a man with an enormous black beard, and wearing an old jersey. "Come here to get poisoned? Have a glass of rot-guts, old boy. The name's Cardew. This wine's

made of powder and crude alcohol, every sip's a nail in your coffin. Here's how." After devious questioning, because all forms of discretion are essential in Drift, he confided in me that he was planning a revolution. "A minor one, old man. It's just a question of getting the backing." "What sort of revolution?" I asked. "Oh, restless natives," he said. "I planned one in Costa Rica. Could you possibly lend me ten pesetas?" I handed him a note, and he introduced me to various other clients of the establishment and later left. "The man's a complete liar," said a tall, thin man in a shining suit. "He's never been to Costa Rica in his life, and

all the natives fight shy of him. Mind you, he's a good chap. Let's have some rot-guts." We sipped the suspect wine and he told me he was a Harley Street doctor on extended holiday. "Studying native diseases," he said. "Name of Bascomb. Welcome to Drift." We had some more rot-guts and hours later I staggered out into the starlit street and made for my hotel. In the morning my tongue was like a piece of liver and I hunted for a chemist. I had just crossed the road from my hotel when I saw Cardew in the uniform of a captain of the Merchant Navy. "Got a ship," he shouted, "come and see it." We made our way to the glittering port, brilliant and adventurous with blue water and painted ships, and stepped up the gangway of quite a large boat with a yellow funnel. The Spanish crew helped us down the companion-way, saluted and we entered a large, quite sumptuous cabin. "Have some rum," said Cardew. "I didn't know you were a ship's captain," I said. "What," cried Cardew in a surprised voice, "I know the Mediterranean like the palm of my hand." He held up a huge hand and clapped it on my back. "But no questions, mind you."

A few days later I was back in the bar, downing rot-guts, when I looked up and saw Bascomb, also in the uniform of a captain. "Yes, I've got a ship," he said. "But I thought you were a doctor," I said. "Well, call me a

ship's doctor," he said, with a laugh. "Cardew's got one too," I said. Bascomb burst into mocking laughter and slapped his leg. "Cardew's never been to sea in his life," he cried. "Somebody saw him throwing up in a rowing boat. I give him three days. Not one more." As time went on I made other friends in Drift, but always found myself straying back to the bar as though it was a magnet.

On one occasion I met an elderly white-haired man doubled up over the counter, singing a rusty Scottish ballad. He straightened himself up. He had a lined tropical face and deep-water eyes, with the ice and fire of command, a man genuinely soaked in rum and sea-water. "Captain Stack," he introduced himself thickly, "and the only genuine certificated master in the whole of Drift. Rounded the Horn twenty times." "But what about the other captains?" I asked. "Paper," he roared, banging his fist on the table. "Nothing but paper. Smuggling paper captains, all of them. The ships are registered in Gibraltar, fly the British flag, but are manned with a Spanish crew and navigated by real Spanish captains. All the paper captain has to do is to sit and drink contraband rum. He couldn't even go to prison, like the articled clerk."

Whenever I saw Captain Stack again, he was hardly able to stand, and all anyone could get out of him was the

rusty Scottish ballad. But one day he brightened up and banged his fist on the table. "Thirty-five years in Drift and never a ship," he roared. "Why?" I asked. "Why?" he shouted. "Come along with me and I'll show you why." He led me out of the bar and we staggered through the square and up into the white whispering streets of the Kasbah. After half an hour's climb we came to a hooded doorway with a bead curtain. Inside I could hear smothered giggles and the clink of bottles. "Ayesha," roared the captain in the voice of a man rounding the Horn. The bead curtains shredded apart, and an enormous woman in a tight purple dress peeped out. "What do you want?" she asked. "Show this gentleman my Master's certificate," he shouted. The enormous woman disappeared and returned with a crumpled sheet of paper and held it out for me to read. The captain tried to take it, but she snatched it back.

"It's in pawn," explained the captain, steadyng himself on the doorpost. "Now, here's your chance," he said. "Do you want a ship?"



Progress Holds Its Own

"An electric power plant being developed in Detroit is expected to produce a Kilowatt hour of electricity with 12 ounces of coal compared to $\frac{1}{2}$ of a lb. in efficient existing plants."—*The Royal Gazette, Bermuda*



Five Per Cent on Culture

By WILFRED FIENBURGH

MY friend Hamid Arawbi started life selling cigarettes from a booth outside the American University at Beirut. He listened to the Arab undergraduates who, with their crew cuts, jeans and sweatshirts, managed to make Beirut look like the campus of a Middle-West university. From them he learned about economics. He decided to become an economist.

"There is no need of studying," he told me, "to become an economist. It is all a matter of five per cent or maybe seven and a half per cent if you can get away with it."

"First you find a Middle East M.P. who is needing money. This is not difficult. He tells his government that his village must have a grain-storing plant. Then the Americans build a grain-storing plant in the village to fight against Communism. Already I am fixing up seven grain-storing plants."

"How much grain do they store?" I asked.

"Unfortunately," he sighed, "they are built in a part of my country where we are growing olives. But," a little smile broke through the sigh, "I am getting five per cent for fixing contract for my friends."

He lit a nine-inch cigar. "There is now no more room for grain-storing

plants," he said sadly, picking a shred of tobacco from his lip, "so I am becoming a culturalist."

"An agriculturalist?" I asked.

"No," he explained gently. "A culturalist. Culture is just as strong against Communism as grain-storing plants. Lectures and songs and sad plays where everybody is dying is very good culture and shows to the Middle East peasant that free enterprise is better than Communism. Harpsichord music is also very good culture—piano is not so good because piano music is sometimes boogie-woogie which is not very strong culture against Communism."

"And is the Middle East receptive to culture?" I asked.

His dark eyes shoudered. "Do not forget," he said firmly, "that Middle East is the birth-place of culture. Here we are inventing algebra which is very strong culture—also we are inventing the Bible. But," he added pensively, "the Bible is not very good for culture. There are far too many archishops coming here with Bible, and there is no five per cent on archishops."

"Lectures," he added, "is the best. I am just fixing some lectures for a French lady novel writer. This is a great success. It is a question how you

present it. This French lady novel writer is wanting to give talks about 'The Significant trends in the development of the French novel from Mme. de La Fayette to Jean-Paul Sartre.' I am telling her that this will not be very good against Communism, and after much talk I persuade her to call it 'Love in French Literature.' There are three thousand people coming to the lecture paying five Lebanese pounds each with five per cent for me."

"Of course," he added, "I am altering the title again, but I do not tell her. I print thousands of posters saying 'FRENCH EROTISM : MILLE. DULONG TELLS ALL.' This was a big success against Communism."

"And who pays to import all this culture?" I asked.

He looked astonished at my simplicity.

"Why, United States, of course. Britain is no good. British culture is nationalized with British Council and so there is no five per cent. But with other culture there is five per cent for hiring hall, printing tickets, advertising. There is ten per cent from my cousin who owns hotel and fifteen per cent from cousin who owns taxi."

"I am now enlarging my office," he said, modestly indicating the second of the two briefcases on the floor at his feet. "I am planning to send Middle East culture to the United States."

"Ah," I said, "recitals of Arabic poetry, lectures on the influence of pre-Christian architecture on present-day Beirut. Film shows of Petra, a 'rose red city, half as old as time.' You should do well."

He shook his head. "No, not like that. But I know a newspaper seller in Amman who can play real tunes on a whistle blowing through his left nostril instead of his mouth. This should be very good culture for United States."

6 6

"HOBBYIST breeder, Toy, Bull breed, laying cages, steam boiler, electric mincer, opportunity young lady, sole management, with own stock, small caravan, chalet suitable consideration own interests, clipping, etc., could be pleasantly self-employed; Mitcham.—Box 733, 'Our Dogs,' Manchester 1."—*Our Dogs*

Anything in loose covers?



"It's been doing that for ages . . ."



Under an English Heaven

HOW fascinating is an English beach on a windy summer's day! What a wealth of Objects awaits the patient naturalist!—half hidden, some of them, beneath the surface; others lying ready to hand for the lucky keen-eyed searcher.

Most common, perhaps, is the **Man's Black Shoe**. This occurs frequently close to the wall beneath the prom, where the sand has an interesting clammy, sour quality. It is usually a size eight or eight and a half, for a left foot, and the lace is missing. Notice how heavy the shoe seems when you throw it at the **Lost Beige Mongrel** (another common feature, often with a limp and always with its mouth open). This is due to the mud jammed into the toe. Ailing men on day trips to do them good, caught in a rainstorm while paddling, abandon these odd shoes in their anxiety to reach the fish-and-chip shop rendezvous before the wet soaks through to their underpants. They sit

mournful in the coach on the way back to town with one foot wrapped in the **Sunday Pictorial**, and get a nasty cough on the Monday.

Then, if you are fortunate, there is the **Yellow-Backed Clarence E. Mulford**. Its habitat is in the shade of the rotting groyne, where the fragrance of seaweed and old crabs mingles with the smell of stale tea from the back door of the pier café. A colourful sight, the Mulford is surrounded more often than not by lumps of **Pipe Dottle**, adhesive wisps of **Candy Floss** blown down on the breeze, advertisements for corn plasters on the back of **Faded Mauve Tram Tickets** issued in Sunderland in 1931, and the top halves of **Meat Paste Sandwiches**. Very often the Mulford (or, more rarely, the E. Phillips Oppenheim) can be traced back to a shelf in the front room of a tall stucco-fronted house called Bella Vista two doors up from the dry-cleaners. It stood there for years, its pages browning, between a fat Ethel M.

Dell and a thin **Guide to Warrington**, until an old man took it down to the beach on his first Tuesday afternoon and dropped it when he thought the tide was after him. He then hobbled smartly back to sit on the big grey pebbles mixed with pieces of **Abraded Dark Green Glass** until his behind got numb. Around here, too, you may find some **Cold Cream Jar Fragments**, rubbed smooth by the pounding of the tide, although they have been rather scarce since caravanners started collecting them for quartz on wet Sundays as an alternative to pontoon.

Plod your way through the fringe of red, green and gold **Bottle Caps**—each a tiny miracle with its fluted edge and glossy white lining—towards the **Page of Old Newspaper** flapping under a hunk of **Oil-Blackened Concrete**. It is the *Daily* — ha! ha! One of your feet has gone down an **Elephant Trap**! This was dug yesterday by an escaped inmate of the approved school on the cliff. It was the only thing he could find to do after watching *Love, Soldiers and Women* three times round at the corrugated-iron Majestic Cinema, and he later gave himself up. It is indeed a fine big hole for a young lad to have made, using only the **Jagged Pilchard Tin** you see embedded in the rim. Wipe your cut knee on your hanky, bang your broken ankle into place, and have a sit down. You are now right up behind the **Derelict Pierrot Shed**, on a stretch of unwashed sand which has been in constant use since George III visited the town by mistake in 1805. Keep a sharp look-out here for **Dog Dirt**, and read the bit of newspaper (it is the small ad section, dated March 16) until your curiosity revives and you decide to lope after a **Full Cigarette Packet** that turns out to be an **Empty Cigarette Packet** with the flap tucked in.

This **Dried Orange Peel** makes an excellent firelighter; perhaps you will wish to collect some in the **Filthy Hom-burg** or the still intact **Confectioner's Bag** from Edgbaston. Or you may prefer to sit down again and read the bag, with its intriguing list of Branch Addresses, until you think you can manage to climb over the **Breakwater Smeared With Boiled Spinach**. At the other side you will meet the full force



"This next fellow should be of particular interest to Hargreaves."



of the wind and have to fall back, dislocating your hip. But discomfort will soon be forgotten as you glimpse the dainty **Hair-Slide With the Clasp Missing**, flashing its imitation diamonds alluringly beside a **Patch of Tar**.

And here is a real treasure! Tug, not too hard, and up it comes—**Half a Picture Postcard of the Top of a Fat Woman in a Strapless Red Bathing-suit Worn Crooked**, with the incomplete legend:

OYING THE FRONT!

How did this Object get here? Did some decaying boozie carry it down, eager to write something pornographic on the back for his mistress? Did he repent suddenly as the whine of the "Armageddon Is Nigh" mission preacher wafted over the stack of deck-chairs, and tear it across and thrust it from his sight? No. Actually it blew off the kiosk last Friday, and a widower greengrocer from Accrington, finding it too wet to write on, stuck it in the shingle and threw stones at it until the

"Horse and Cart" opened. When they shut at two-thirty he passed the afternoon touring Woolworth's and having eight cups of tea, and at six he was first in at the "Three Crowns." At ten he lurched back to his digs in Station Approach, having managed to fill in yet another day without breaking the landlady's rule: "All Lodgers out of the House between 9 a.m. and 7 p.m."

The fact is that it takes years of research and field-work to learn to piece together the story of our seashore. You must be content to enjoy some of the more sinister and mysterious Objects for their own sakes. Admire the **Piece of Hand-Microphone with Flex** for its curved simplicity. Appreciate the lines of the **Cracked Prismatic Glass Door-knob** (but do not expect the screw to fit the hole in your own bathroom cupboard). Be content, when you stumble over the **Old Bicycle Seat**, to take a running kick at it and watch it hit the **Sitting Sea-gull**, revealed on closer

inspection as **Another Shoe**—white canvas with rusty eyelets.

On your way back to your motor-bike and sidecar have a look at the **Dry Seaweed Belt**. This is particularly interesting, because although the stuff actually comes out of the sea, it manages by a process of association to look as if it had been left here by someone. And if when you get home you find you must have dropped the **Pressure-Cooker Escape-Valve Wrapped in an Old Glove** that you were supposed to be taking back to the ironmonger's, you may find consolation in the knowledge that you have at least added something to this English Wonderland.

ALEX ATKINSON and ANDE

7 7

Gluttons for Punishment

"Bachelor, late twenties, seeking unusual holiday abroad, 2/3 weeks September; desirous contact similar, view joining forces."—*The Times*

Apart in My Hand

By CLAUD COCKBURN

THOMAS BUSHELL, famed gadgeteer, with a special penchant for getting water going out of this place and that and then seeing what happened next, was accused by a man called Edmund Wyld of "Tapping" the "mountaine of Snowdon in Wales, which was like to have drowned all the country; and they were like to knock him and his men in the head."

All of this took place long years ago—if you remember that the man was born in 1594 and was about sixty when this Snowdon slip-up occurred you can probably work it out for yourself.

(Just who "they" were is not entirely clear. Nor does it matter. There are always people "like to knock in the

head" other people whose hands slip at the critical moment.)

Bushell is reported to have replied that he was most awfully sorry, but he really always had been a bit of a duffer at tapping mountains, to which they said Nonsense, what about that time you leased the Crown Mines from Oliver Cromwell? You don't look much like a genuine duffer to us.

And they were right, because already there are a lot too many people going about claiming they can't do things when they can, and then when they've got everyone relaxed and happy believing them to be genuine duffers they—these pseudo-duffers—go out and mend the car, and show perfect understanding of

a talk about the sound barrier, and the horse they pretended to have picked by just sticking a pin in the card wins the Oaks.

Or you say you can't play croquet and everyone says Oh come on, that doesn't matter, none of us can play either, so you agree to play and then it turns out that whereas you really can't play, they really can, and then, instead of apologizing they hate you and despise you simply because what you said in the first place was absolutely true and they merely couldn't believe it.

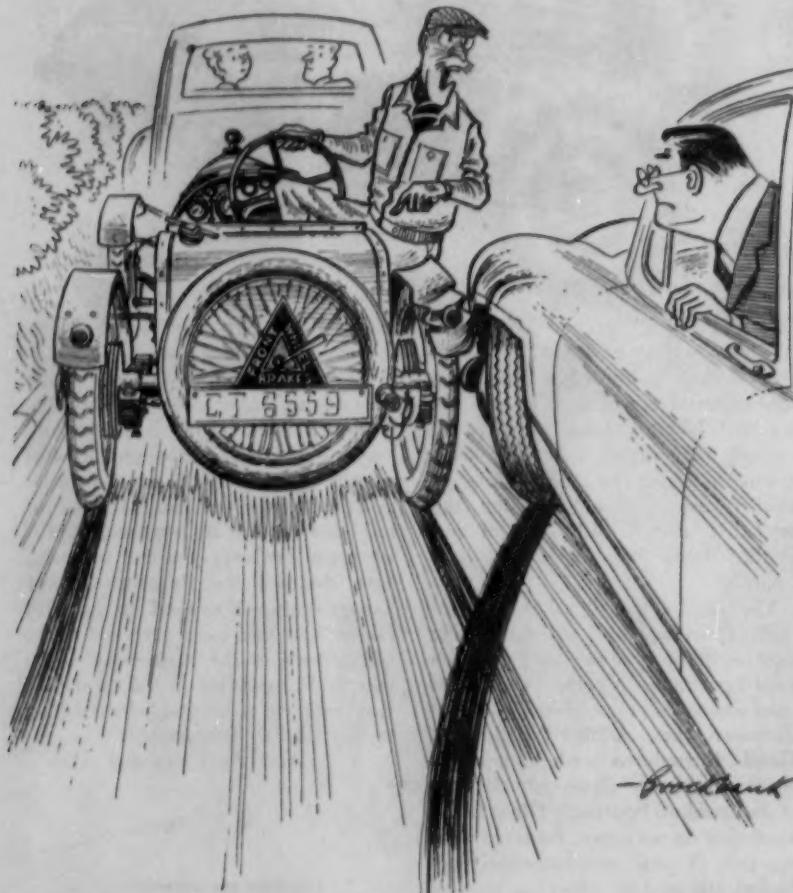
Bankers do it a lot, too—claim they are but playthings in the grip of inscrutable economic trends and all that, and next thing you know they've raised the assets by twenty-five million, told two of the customers all about conditions in Australia, and the only thing they still don't know is how to increase your overdraft. And the same thing goes for people who lyingly assert they can't understand J. Compton-Burnett or *Life With the Lyons*, and all the time they do, and make you look an absolute fool. Heathen Chinese is by no means too strong a term.

I have never seen much point in this seemingly interminable wrangle about whether the proper name for it is pseudo-dufferism or crypto-expertise, and in any case, while it is going on, that simple farmer chap there who said he didn't bother his head with politics and finance like, gets adopted for a safe seat at the by-election and the sock with his money in it rose twenty points on the Stock Exchange last week.

Don't ask me why they do it, because if you want a cool psychological analysis of the phenomenon I'll tell you right away that it's because all these people—you know them as well as I do—are a gang of malign malingerers, and where they do their worst harm is to people who when they say they can't understand a word the man's saying and which is the carburettor, anyway, mean it.

Which is what happened to me when, as a correspondent of, I think, *The Times*, I went to Essen or thereabouts to visit the Krupp works, and if I'd had more presence of mind I'd have averted or at least postponed World War II.

So I had this lunch with a dozen or so of the Directors and Managers, some



"Dammit, can't you read?"



"I wish he'd be someone else besides Gérard de Nerval."

of whom looked like wolves and some others rather more like hogs. Or, to put it in another way, they looked like the Directors and Managers of a German armament firm.

(Of course this was long ago, and Directors and Managers of German armament firms don't look like that to-day; they look like sweeties-pies and are going to do good.)

It was a good lunch—if you don't mind eating within sight of portraits of two Kaisers Wilhelm and a lot of Krupps von Bohlen und Halsbach, and other people about whom everyone says after every war, "They're for it," but they're not, and in the end they get all their money back and are sweeties-pies.

After lunch they said well now we would go and see the works. I thought it was going rather far to eat their good lunch and not tell the important thing I felt they ought to know, so I said, by way of leading up to the subject, that I was "rather bad with machinery."

When they seemed not to care—probably taking me for some sort of pseudo-duffer, very English characteristic—I went farther and explained that not only am I "not good" with machinery in the sense that I can't make it work, but I actually break it: it comes apart

not simply in my hand but whenever I am anywhere near it. I could have gone on to give them numerous instances—roads and lakes littered with broken motor-cars and motor-boats, and those awful periods stuck in lifts—but they were arrogant, impatient people and they made the arrogant, impatient error of dismissing what I said as being some kind of Anglo-English whimsy. Hubris is the word for what they had, like people in a Greek tragedy, and, as in Greek tragedy, it laid them low.

One of them, who had at least been listening to me, waved his hand and said that as for breaking the Krupp Works, did I realize, ha-ha-ha! that they extended over an area of twenty square miles, or whatever the area was?

The first place we went to was the place where they had their newest, biggest, electric hammer, and I knew they were going to do that corny old trick that people with electric hammers always did when people without electric hammers come to call. The man takes a gold watch and puts it on the great steel anvil, and then this enormous great steel column—the hammer—weighing so-and-so many tons, comes whizzing down at about a hundred feet per second and the control is so accurate

and perfect that the hammer just merely cracks the glass of the watch and then stops.

We all stood on a steel gallery that ran round the hall or shed where this Krupp hammer was, and one of the wolves handed over his gold watch to the foreman and the foreman put it on the anvil. Of course I knew what was going to happen, but nobody else did, and they were looking quite bored because they had been through this routine so often.

So there was the hammer, this shining steel column, with its nether end about a hundred feet above the anvil, and one of the hogs signalled to the foreman, who pressed or pulled something or other, and the hammer came hurtling down and what it didn't do when it got to the glass of the watch was stop, not by any means. It not only pulverized that gold watch but hit the anvil such a smack that it split that great steel slab into three pieces, two of which shot across the shed and nearly killed a couple of proletarians.

Of many remarkable sights witnessed before and since, I sometimes think the most remarkable was the sight of the faces of all those Krupp Directors and Managers at that moment. I distinctly



"Mind you, I think up all the ideas for him."

saw the blueish hair which one of them had on the back of his hands stand erect. And that first terrible moment was so terrible for them that the two of them standing beside me actually took, each of them, a half step away. Then, when normal consciousness returned, each of them, very carefully, took that half step back, towards me, again; and what each had very evidently said to himself was that to take a step away like that was an admission that he actually *believed* that I really did have some occult power which could make their lovely hammer, their scientifically guaranteed hammer, go most awfully wrong.

And this was only the beginning of a horrible dilemma for the men of Krupp.

Because, look: Suppose we carry on with the tour, and we go right round the works, and the hammers all break, and

the smelters cease smelting and melt, and the blast-furnaces won't blast, blast them. Pretty nice report that would be to make to Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halsbach.

Well, ye-es, but say we cancel the tour, tell this man from *The Times* we don't propose to show him anything at all. No peace-guns, no love-tanks, nothing. So why have we cancelled the tour? Because, my dear vulpine friend, because, *mein lieber Hog*, we believe—*sum Teufel kreuzwärts nochmal*—that this *verfluchter S.O.B.* really does have occult powers capable of destroying *die Werke Krupp*. We, Directors and Managers of the Krupp works, believe that kind of thing. We think poltergeists are true. And probably we do our export business—for instance, that little item we sent to Turkey—on the basis of communications from the ouija board.

Will that be a nice, confidence-inspiring thing to report to Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halsbach?

You imagine it's pure joy to see a lot of Krupp men in a tizzy ten years or so before they drop a bit of their stuff on your aunt in South London. But it wasn't really—it was unnerving to see people so utterly confounded and taken aback. And this is where I am going to be accused of weakness, possibly even treachery.

I said the episode had made me feel faint and I thought the best thing I could do would be to go back to Berlin and write a thoughtful piece for the *London Times*.

They said they were very, very sorry to have me leave them so soon and a fast Mercedes-Benz would be at the door in rather less than a minute and a half.

Letter to an Industrial Historian

KERN AND GALLOWGLASS LTD.
Quality Hardware and Plumbers Sundriesmen
GATH WORKS,
R. Gibbons, Esq., Ph.D., M.A.,
Porterhouse College,
Umbridge University
250TH ANNIVERSARY HISTORY

DEAR MR. GIBBONS,—May I say, first of all, that the Board wish me to congratulate you upon the truly remarkable research that you have carried out for the 250th Anniversary History of Kern and Gallowglass? There are, however, a few criticisms of a very minor nature that they wish to make.

Generally. The History appears to be rather longer than was envisaged. By "full book-length" the Board had in mind the generally accepted meaning of the phrase: enclosed with this letter for your guidance is a copy of *Favourite Weekly* (which please return at your convenience) in which, as you will observe, a Full Length Book is given away.

In reducing your MS the following notes may be of assistance.

pp. 2-26. Cut drastically. It is surely of little interest that the Founders of the Company first became acquainted in the Fleet Prison.

pp. 30-35. Omit. It was never proved.

p. 36. "*unmitigated and unprincipled scoundrels.*" Substitute "somewhat unorthodox and high-spirited personalities."

pp. 40-96. The Company's part in the collapse of the *South Sea Bubble* is irrelevant and might throw doubt on the financial acumen of the present Board. Omit.

pp. 107-125. The Board feel that the previously unrecorded letter from Lord Nelson attributing Admiral Byng's loss of Minorca to inferior products of this firm should remain unrecorded. Not only was the affair no business of Lord Nelson's, occurring as it did before he was born, but in view of the fact that this highly controversial letter has now been unfortunately mislaid they feel that it is possible that you have misread the contents and they would hesitate, as a matter of historical principle, to publish such an important letter without adequate documentation. The Chairman, who recently spent a holiday in the neighbouring island of Majorca, feels this particularly strongly. Omit.

pp. 132-137. *Grant of Royal Warrant under Geo. III.* Delete all references to the insanity of the monarch.

pp. 195-199. *Loss of Royal Warrant under Geo. IV.* The instability of the Prince Regent's character should be emphasized.

p. 242. "*Virtue was its own reward—supplemented by a dividend of 120 per cent.*" An unfortunate phrase. Omit. Emphasis should be laid, rather, on the provision at this period of Model Dwellings for Protestant Communicant Artizans.

pp. 249-268. *Siege of Sebastopol.* What the soldiers said is not evidence! Omit.

No page. *The Bronze Medal* awarded to the Company at the International Exhibition at Clermont-Ferrand in 1872 appears to have been overlooked.

pp. 275-296. *South African War.* The Company is hoping to expand its trade with the Union. Rewrite, omitting all reference to Boers.

No page. Some reference should be made to the close personal friendship with the Crown of our Directors Sir Harry Wormwood and Alderman Isaac Bagshot. (A photograph of them in the Royal Party at Ascot is available for illustration.)

pp. 301 *et seq.* All references to the close personal friendship with the Crown of Mrs. Phoebe Gallowglass should be omitted.

pp. 320-340. *World War I.* Much more emphasis should be laid on the events leading up to the raising of our late Chairman to the Style and Honour of Baron Kern of Stamford Hill. The far-sighted provision of inexpensive metal tea-pots for Government offices contributed incalculably to the maintenance of "morale" on the "home-front."

pp. 345-352. *Shareholders' Protection Association.* Omit entirely all references to this body. They can only revive ill-feeling.

pp. 358-393. *World War II.* "Blitz" of London, so-called German Atrocities, War Trials, etc., etc. Drastically revise. Such harmful and biased references cannot but cause unnecessarily hard feelings at a time when Germany is being welcomed back into her traditional place in the ranks of Democracy . . . They must also adversely effect the efforts of our subsidiary Company—Kern und Galgenstein AG—to secure a footing in the British market. More stress should be laid on the Company's contribution to the "War Effort." (In this connection the Chairman's Governmental appointment as Controller of Funeral Bakemeats appears to be treated unduly lightly.)

p. 398. The suggestion that Christmas should have any particular religious significance is irrelevant. Not only might it cause offence to our agnostic customers but it would severely handicap our Retailers' Yuletide Sales Drive which, it is intended, shall in future commence in August. Omit.

These cuts should make it possible to include a verbatim report of our Chairman's speech at the last Banquet of the Quality Hardware Manufacturers Mutual Benefit and Price-Fixing Association.

Yours sincerely,

TOM GIRTN

Secretary



THE CRYSTAL PALACE



O it, three or four times a year, we are invited. Buses wind up the hill by devious routes, cars bump and honk, shivering motor-bikes start forward, people crawl; up, up, till over the skyline a pub rises—two pubs!—three!—and about this well-refreshed crossways there's a look that says "Here you are!"

But where? One looks round. With the Palace gone—no glassy altitudes

catching the sun, not a charred tower left—the sky, the whole neighbourhood seem vacant. I walk past a skeleton station (does it still house a skeleton train service?), past a fringe of sweet and fish shops, to the parade broad as a seafront.

London to the left, country to the right: there should be a view, but somehow it's got muddled. The wind plays with the few persons out walking, chairing one, inflating another, and causing a dog to travel more slantwise than usual. A nursemaid jaunts a pram, and a man looks up from his newspaper

to catch smiles; she won't have it; turned down by the world he returns to the news of it; bells sound, milk bottles chink . . . These are the doings of Sydenham:

Across the way the crowd, the urban crowd to which properly I belong, thrusts on along a high black fence encompassing—nothing. A holiday listlessness possesses many, but there are hurriers. I join them. We are looking for a way in. Every arrow and finger point back, but we must know what we are doing, and here are cars too, and motor-bikes, nosing.

And, sure enough, after a while we meet the drive-in, the crunch of cinders, armleted arms raised, turnstiles clicking.

"This Sport Is DANGEROUS"—one reason why we're here. Why *am* I here? Oh, of course, motor-cycle racing. "Dogs," says another board, "Not Admitted." Seems hard. Where can a dog turn? Brushed off pavements, debarred from restaurants, opera; and only last week I noticed over a shiny-tiled doorway "MEN—No Dogs."

But there are one or two gay ones flaunting scarves, singing, playing leap-frog over the waste of what looks like old gun emplacements, and is, in fact, the very ground of the Crystal Palace.

Yes, here where I'm standing stood the last surviving tower, and there, a couple of hundred yards away, rose the other; and between the two on his tight-rope Blondin walked, pausing half-way to cook and eat an omelet. The occasion demanded no less. Here the choirs sang and the silversmiths danced and parrots screeched and there were orgies of Handel, and Gilbert and Sullivan, and here (on Thursday evenings) the fireworks gushed, and hot-gospellers cooled their converts in tanks, and on a night most memorable the whole thing went up in flames, glass melted, iron twisted and sank—the end fabulous as the beginning.

But if the jewel is vanished, the setting remains. Grand terraces, a quarter of a mile wide, go down the hill in steps, and on each terrace are balustrades with figures. Those nearest seem to represent Empire—coolies,

rubber planters, far-flung nurses, Sepoys, blacks, peerers over veld and peggers of gold—ah, those were the days!—the conqueror and the conquered whom Time, negligent elsewhere, has preserved here with smudged countenances and a hand or arm lost—no, fallen, it lies below, couched in weeds.

I walk on in sunlight, and on a broken pillar lifting into the blue are cut visitors' initials: it might be Carthage. But a little farther on, and back in history, I reach a courtyard posted by four lion-women. What secret they guarded, what rites and eventual ruin were theirs, who can tell?

The sun dazzles. Eternity broods. Then into this hollow, as in some storm-wrecked shell held to the ear, comes a roar of machines. The races have started!

Two Martians leap out of nowhere—from behind one of the lion-women, I fancy, where they have been kissing—and waddle off to join the throng making its way down to the track. This curls a ribbon, visible in parts, round a woody hinterland below. There are others helmeted and space-suited, giving character to a crowd that might otherwise be after point-to-point or cricket. They pass Hermes and Queen Victoria, a pool in which bathe river gods, Thames, Dee, Avon; and where all now is reeds, once rose the fountains that out-topped Versailles. On down steps, with flowers bursting through cracks, across a terrace, past a disc-thrower who has dropped his disc and an urn toppled, cherubs with fig-leaves and

blind sentinels, to a large central basin: over this the crowd pours, and two schoolgirls, with arms twined, discover Pan.

Now the din is terrific. It opens and shuts as the dark shapes slant round a bend, disappear behind trees; then with a roar and a whine to make Mr. Gladstone blink, they flick past. You never saw, or heard, such swank.

Swans on a lake seem deaf, and children play in a neglected band-stand.

My perch commands about one third of the course, and I sit with legs dangling at the feet of Dawn: I think it must be Dawn, from the lady's cringing modesty, or Early Dip; Nature has come to her rescue with a network of ivy over head and trunk and down one leg, giving her an air of outrageous chic.

There's a hallucination in the mad bikes whizzing round and round. One gets to know those with the more urgent note—the mosquito that will sting; then a lull, the reverberations die away, but loud-speakers continue to haunt the wood. Race with side-cars. On these a passenger lies prone like a sled rider, ready at the least deflection or curve to lean far out over the track or swing his weight on the pillion. A white ambulance stands by.

I've no need of a programme, the wood demon tells all; and I learn that what we've been witnessing are mere practice bouts, a warming up for the afternoon when the real thing will start, with stands filled, knolls covered, the track thickly lined, beer and ice-cream paddocks strewn.

Shall I stay? The announcement of a ninety-minute lunch interval clinches it. I walk on downhill.

Wonders never cease. Here's an avenue and an enormous head in granite frowning on me out of the trees: Sir Joseph Paxton himself, the author of our dilapidated pleasure.

Crowds are moving in by the bottom entrance, but I manage to fight my way out. "You can't come back!" shouts an official. I shan't!

But one stupendous touch of fancy still waits. In the public park is a lake with islands and ducks and boats; and people are enjoying the idyll, no more disturbed by a brontosaurus (life size), shouldering its way out of water, pterodactyls, iguanodons and the like, than by the empty roar up the hill.

G. W. STONIER



Money, Money, Always Money

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE name of John Harrington is possibly new to some of you present here to-night, so I will explain that he is the director of sports at a Chicago broadcasting station, and the other day he received a stunning blow. He is still walking round in circles, kicking stones and muttering to himself, and the mildest of the things he mutters is "Bloodsuckers! Bloodsuckers!" If you care to describe him as cut to the quick it will be all right with me.

What happened was that he wanted to interview some members of the

Kansas City Athletics baseball club, and was informed by them that they would be charmed if he would do so provided he unbelted fifty dollars a time, cash in advance. No fifty fish, no interview. It was the first time anything like this had happened to Mr. Harrington. One gets new experiences.

Myself, I am rather pleased about the whole thing. This revolt of the interviewed was long overdue. For years there has been too much of this business of notebooked young men sidling up to the celebrated and getting away with all sorts of good stuff without paying a

penny for it. The celebs were supposed to be compensated by a few kind words chucked in at the beginning. "He looks like a debonair magician, quick and agile, in his fashionable suit of grey and elegant black patent leather slippers." That was what the *Daily Express* said about Mr. Cecil Beaton not long ago when he gave them an interview. A poor substitute for hard cash.

And it was an important interview, too. In it Mr. Beaton revealed for the first time the sensational facts in connection with his recent visit to an amusing château in the wine country of France.

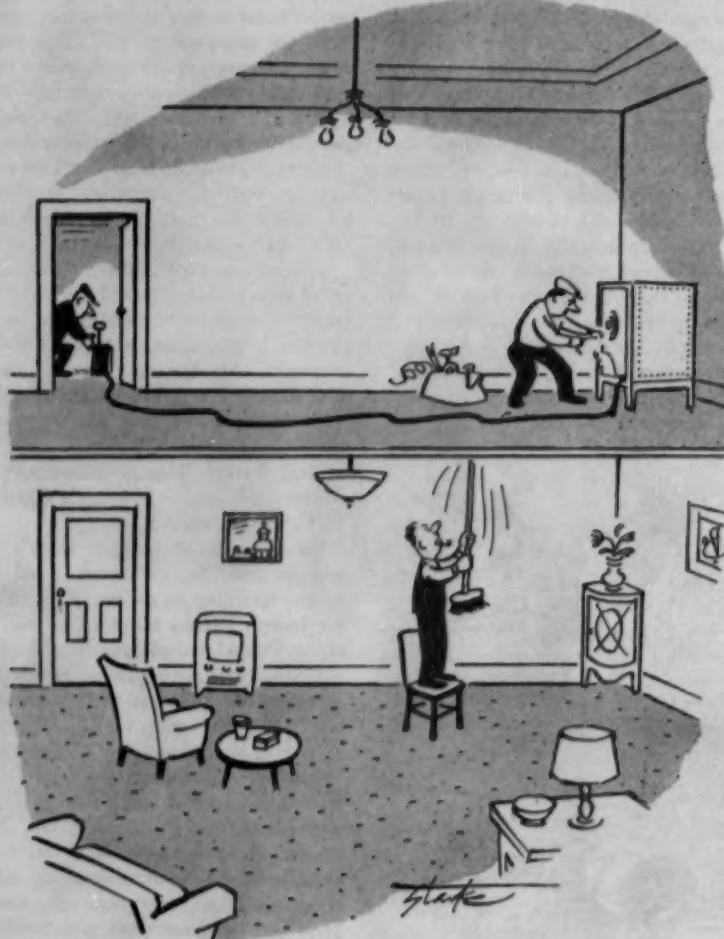
"Summer had come," he said (exclusive), "and I found the atmosphere most stimulating. We had a memorable dish—a delightful creamy mixture of something I can't quite remember, but I recall a mountain of truffles in it."

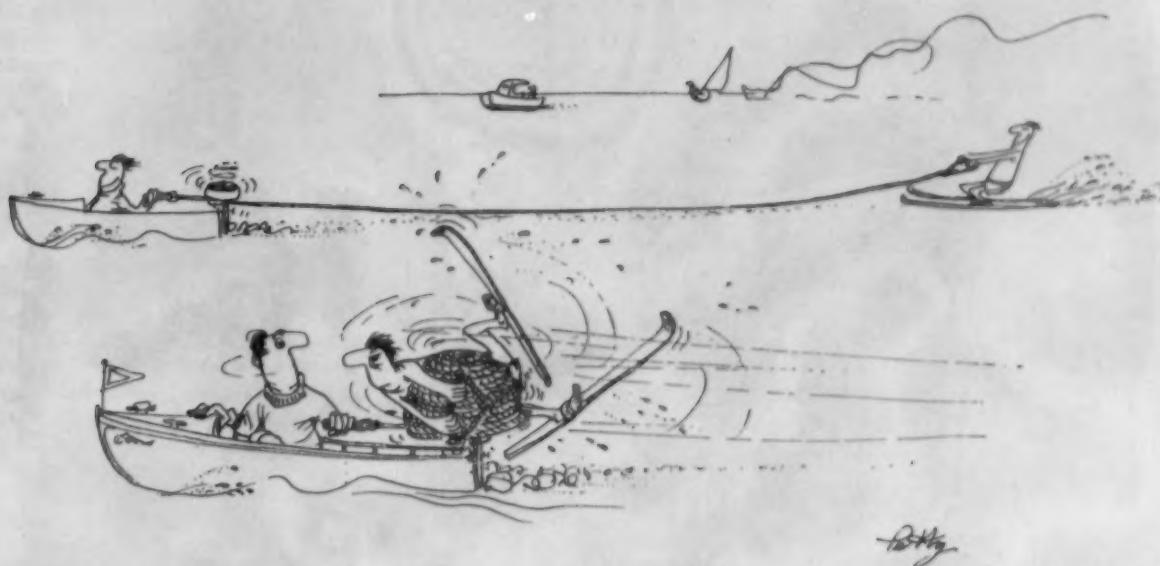
All that free! The circulation of the *Express* shot up. Lord Beaverbrook was enabled to buy two more houses in Jamaica. But what did Mr. Beaton get out of it? Not a thing except the passing gratification of seeing himself described as a debonair magician in black patent leather slippers. Does that pay the rent? It does not. You can wear black patent leather slippers till your eyes bubble, but the landlord still wants his so much per each week. High time those athletic Kansans put their foot down.

Though they were not the first to do it. Apparently you have to be a baseball player to stand up for your rights. John Crosby of the *Herald-Tribune*—I seem always to be quoting John Crosby, but, after all, why not? He is a splendid fellow—was speaking the other day about an exchange of views which took place some years ago between Bill Terry, at that time manager of the New York Giants, and the representative of a weekly paper called the *New Yorker*, which wanted to do a Profile of him. (A *New Yorker* Profile takes up eighty-three pages in the middle of the magazine and goes on for months and months and months.)

"And where were you born, Mr. Terry?" inquired the Profile lizard, starting to get down to it.

A wary look came into Wm's face. "Young fella," he said, "that information will cost you a lot of money."





That ended the love feast. They had to fill up the eighty-three pages with one of those solid, thoughtful things of Edmund Wilson's.

I have said that I approve of this resolve on the part of the celebrated to get in on the ground floor, but I am not blind to the fact that, unless prompt steps are taken through the proper channels, the whole thing is going to become rather sordid. At first, till a regular scale of prices is set up and agreed to by both contracting parties, there is bound to be a good deal of unpleasant wrangling.

Let us say that you are a young fellow named Grover who has bowled twenty-two wides in an over, which had never been done by a clergyman's son on a Thursday in August at Dover. It will not be long before there is a ring at the bell, followed by the appearance of a representative of the Press.

"Good morning, Mr. Grover."

"Good morning."

"I am from the *Sunday Pictorial*. In a recent over at Dover, Mr. Grover, you bowled twenty-two wides, and our readers are naturally anxious——"

"How much?"

"Ten quid?"

"Make it twenty."

"Call it fifteen. Okay?"

"Well, it depends. Are you going to refer to me as stumpy balding spectacled Herbert Grover (28)?"

"Certainly not. I thought something more on the lines of a debonair magician, quick and agile."

"Yes, I like that."

"Adding that success has not spoiled you."

"Excellent. I don't mind knocking off ten bob for that."

"Make it twelve-and-six."

"No, not worth twelve-and-six."

"Very well. Now tell me, Mr. Grover, can you describe your feelings when your twenty-second delivery was pouched in the gully?"

"I felt fine."

"And may I say you did it for the wife and kiddies?"

"Not for fifteen quid you mayn't. We'd better go back to the twenty we were talking about."

You see what I mean. Sordid. These negotiations are better left to one's agent. I have instructed mine to arrange for a flat payment of ten guineas, to be upped, of course, if they want to know what I had for dinner at that amusing château in the wine country.

* * *

Good Cause

"The National Equine (and smaller animals) Defence League, Blackwell, Carlisle. Alfred Brisco, Organizing Secretary.

"Phone: Carlisle 1469

(Will you please send a donation to help our Prfnting Fund)."

Leaflet

Con Amore

Now advertised: an Albert Hall concert by the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle Choir from Utah, U.S.A.

ENJOY your old Prince Igor,
Swan Lake, Scheherazade,
I've had enough, there's hotter stuff,
In London's aural larder;
For me, my fancy's tickled
In a curious sort of way
By the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle
Choir
From Utah, U.S.A.

While "Perfect Love" swells richly
The tenors, altos, basses
Avert the eye (at least they try)
From cute soprano faces;
But "Dear, I love you only"
Is pretty hard to say
For the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle
Choir
From Utah, U.S.A.

Such ardent songs they sing-o,
Refrains of swains a-mating,
While tucked apart in each man's heart
How many wives are waiting?
Wives who are tense and anxious . . .
He's been so long away
With the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle
Choir
From Utah, U.S.A.
J. B. BOOTHROYD



Realms of Gold

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE first launching on the enchanted seas of Literature is a gilded memory in many autobiographies—the long summer hours devouring Shakespeare in the crook of the apple tree, Byron on the hearthrug with tousled head cupped in grubby hands, Webster in the gallery queue on a Manchester Saturday night. Less often the revelation is associated with a gruff old scholar, taking Middle School General Subjects, who pushes De Quincey or Shenstone into the hands of the graceless gowk and opens his eyes with a blinding flash. Sometimes it even comes from a clerical Headmaster passionately claiming Milton to the Upper Sixth, though when the revelation is delayed as late as that in school life it is more likely to come from a dapper rebel with a double first determined not to sink into being a common-room hack.

The gap between these published

experiences and the average experience of Literature in Schools is as wide as the gap between the comforting accounts of medical research in popular magazines and what nurses actually do to patients. At my own preparatory school we met English Literature only indirectly; Dictation was always taken from *The Pickwick Papers*, a real treasure trove of polysyllables. There was certainly a school library, as it was charged on the bill. Rumour said that if a boy went to the Headmaster's study and asked for a book, the Headmaster would unlock the cupboard in which he kept his canes and hand a book out. I never heard of this being tried. Later in my school life we concentrated on Utility English, the kind of English that Latin masters hoped they would not be expected to teach in their own periods. We did read a book a term but mainly, I think, because some of our parents would have thought it odd if we

had not. It was not until School Certificate that English Literature caused any serious disruption of our educational life.

I first taught English when I was a student. I took over the period from a dear old gentleman who said to his tough, elderly form, "Here's a new master, boys. Give him a clap," and hurried off to the common room while the form clapped on and on and on. We had a little book of plays, and in my enthusiasm I suggested that instead of each boy reading five lines in turn they might come out in front and read parts. I did not realize that once boys are allowed out of their desks there is difficulty in keeping them in the room. Luckily this problem vanished when they discovered that what could happen inside the room was far more enticing than anything that happened outside. One of the worst moments was when the Headmaster led in some kind of

prelate while several boys were performing *Riders to the Sea* in mock Welsh accents and without their trousers.

When I arrived in another school a kindly colleague, assuming rightly that my duties would include some English, recommended me to use *Quentin Durward*. There was a copy to every two boys and it was full of hard words. It could be made to last for two years. Ideally I spurned *Quentin Durward* but, before I could manœuvre, some dirty work I did not understand landed me with fifteen whole copies of *The Last Days of Pompeii* and some fragments. The boys I took in this could nearly all read a little, but I had to read Bulwer Lytton to them, translating as I went. When we came to a dramatic bit I got them to act it. It was during a realistic earthquake scene that the Headmaster dropped in. Seizing a copy he pointed at my most backward pupil and said "What does 'vicissitude' mean?" The boy thought he was joking and laughed fit to bust. "Not attending," said the Headmaster. "Explain 'initiation.'" The boy flinched. The Headmaster looked doubtful whether to attack the boy or me. "I'll give you one more chance," he said. "What does 'immolated' mean?" I knew by his expression that he had suddenly realized he did not know himself. Quickly he turned on me. "These boys are not being taught. A page a day is quite enough."

The school did not ordinarily have a syllabus, but for the week of the inspection we had rather an elaborate one, and to make it convincing the work that preceded and followed it was sketched in. We rather let ourselves go over what we were going to do the next term: it was safely probable that the inspectors would not double back on us. I realized, however, that if I claimed to be reading any particular book the next term the copies we were going to use might be inspected. At this stage I greatly overrated the standards of His Majesty's Inspectorate. For The Week I had got in ahead of my colleagues and pinched the whole fourteen copies of *A Tale of Two Cities*. *The Rivals* looked quite presentable and I put it down as the forthcoming attraction. There was nothing much else except *Rambles of a Rat*, which had the harder words hyphenated, and *Don Quixote*, which

the preface said was in commercial Spanish.

My pupils were worried by my obvious anxiety over the inspection and had given me a severe talking to about panicking. To encourage me they were being unprecedently quiet. One boy of the thirty-six was reading aloud and the others in twos and threes were following in the texts. Mr. Lawson entered briskly. He listened for a moment and then lead me out of earshot

of my pupils, one of whom shook me encouragingly by the hand as I passed. Mr. Lawson said that the atmosphere lacked life. I had felt that the unusual stillness was a point in my favour and felt hurt. He then said that there was little educational value in reading a book aloud. I knew this at first hand, but if he did not notice that the gap between the number of books and the number of boys made private study impossible, I was not going to be



"Bad enough flying, without flying to fly . . ."

so disloyal to my employers as to point it out.

Many of the books that drift about in schools of the kind I knew were examination cast-offs. Down in the Middle School one was always meeting Kinglake's *Eothen*, one of the saddest of literary casualties, much too amiable a book to be studied with a nose for likely context questions. Then there was some examination that tried to be matey with the candidates and set Mr. A. G. Street's *Farmer's Glory*, only to make it a waif of the same kind. More and more the Shakespeare play tended to be *Macbeth*. It is one of the shortest and it lacks a sub-plot, a clear gain to the examinee. As more teachers of English have been examined in it themselves than in any other play its continued popularity seems assured. Sometimes floating about will be Collections of Essays, with lists at the back of essays to set on the essays. I have run up against the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* (with glossary) as much as three forms below School Certificate.

English, unless there is a Senior English Master who makes fusses well, has a low priority. It comes well below Algebra and Desk Tidiness. Nobody worries much about it, unless the form makes darts out of the books: nothing arouses a Headmaster like being blinded

with the sleep-walking scene expertly fletched. In one school I had a couple of periods a week with a set below the intellectual level required for Latin. Some of them found any book in stiff covers hard going, some could manage Wells' Science Fiction. One day I walked into school with the Headmaster, who asked me what I was teaching the next lesson. When I replied "Non-Latin English" he nodded, and then with one of his rare references to the more practical sides of pedagogy he added "You can't do better than the Great Masters. They won't have much time for them later when they are taking exams. Why not give them a good going of Sir Thomas Browne?"

In many schools English used to be a generic name for periods left over when the timetable was completed. I worked under one Headmaster who regarded timetable-making as a sacred charge that he must never delegate to some member of his staff with a chess-player's mind. His talents were ill-fitted for the task but he stuck at it. He always intended to produce one that would last out his time, but in practice things changed every term. It was often well into the term before he could bring himself to tackle it. In those early weeks life was provisional. The boys were wary. Latin and Spanish had a way of appearing and

disappearing in the curriculum from term to term. A form who spent several weeks on Latin knowing that it was doomed, for intentions leaked out, were resistant to interim exhortations about the value of Latin in modern life.

Another difficulty was that the Headmaster in his relief at finishing the timetable did not always remember to announce that it was in operation. He would arrive in a classroom and petulantly complain that the wrong man was taking the wrong lesson. It was even worse when it was serialized. One corner done, the proud author would rush out and press little bits of paper giving a couple of lessons ahead on his staff as they went into school. Men who had been briefed would then dislocate the work of the men who had not. It might be days before all the alterations had been revealed. No wonder that sometimes the laboratory would be uncomfortably full. No wonder that sometimes a form might be missed completely; this happened also with promotions. A subject like English that did not require specialized apparatus and that could be taken by any man on the staff was a godsend for emergencies like that.

I suppose it is all much better nowadays: ignorance is the parent of optimism. Boys, no doubt, are inspired with a thirst for the classics and given every chance of satisfying it. No man's financial prospects depend on whether he has a flair for spotting contexts. All the same, I remember Education as a conservative and ill-supervised business and I suspect that here and there six copies of *Old St. Paul's* are being used to teach elementary reading to twelve boys and that forms which cannot do gym because some other form is doing it and cannot do geometry because the man who ought to take them has a weekly Corps kit inspection are being taken by a geographer with a spare period who gloomily keeps order while each boy in turn stumbles through half a page of *Selected Poems of Tennyson*.



"Why not step into the managers' office?—there's always a nice cool atmosphere in there these days."

More Dumb Friends Feather-Bedding

"In the Art Gallery exhibition in association with the Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music, which opens to-day, is the Lillian Lunn collection of costume miniatures. The exhibition, which is for a moth, was opened on Saturday by the Duchess of Beaufort."—*Birmingham Post*



GYMKHANA day in August—the going brick, brick hard.

The judge, Miss "Tiger" Harrod, was calling through the card:
Penelope on "Mad Boy" and Timothy on "Gin"
And me on "Bloody Mary" and poor Cressida on "Sin."

"The course," said "Tiger" Harrod, "is clearly marked by pegs.
Collect them in their passages. Remember! Use your legs,
Balance and Impulsion; and leave their heads alone.
The thing that's frightfully vital—sit on your own aitchbone."

We got into the final—we were jumping off in twos.
The ponies just before us seemed certain now to lose,
For they wouldn't jump the water, and the next pair to go in
Were me on "Bloody Mary" and poor Cressida on "Sin."

We jumped the triple railway gates—I nearly brushed the stile.
We cleared the double oxer—we were winning by a mile
When beastly "Bloody Mary" swerved suddenly on "Sin"
And "Sin" refused the water jump and knocked Miss Harrod in.

And so we never won the cup and now we never will,
For "Bloody Mary's" got a cough and "Tiger" caught a chill.
We didn't use our legs, you see, and that's why we were thrown.
The thing that's frightfully vital—sit on your own aitchbone.

ROBIN MOUNT



London Revisited



Hot From the Press

By D. F. KARAKA

R. NEHRU was coming to London from Moscow; the *Daily Glass* had attacked the *Daily Press* for not welcoming the Pandit properly; a retired Indian Army colonel living in a club in St. James's had written a significant letter to *The Times*—India was in the news again.

I thought this was the occasion to show a little initiative. A visit to Fleet Street suggested itself.

At India House they told me, "Fleet Street is right next to us. Turn right as you go out of the main door." To the Indian in London, India House was the focal point of all direction.

I did as I was told. Through the swing doors of an impressive building, the office of a newspaper with a big circulation, I entered. I made for the Inquiries Desk.

"I'd like to see the Editor," I said.

"Is he expecting you?" asked a sergeant dressed in something like a Salvation Army uniform.

"Well, not exactly," I said cryptically, indicating that I had some big news about India.

"Big news? George, who handles big news?" the sergeant said to his colleague. After a brief consultation

they decided it would be best to refer the matter to Miss Biddie on the third floor.

Miss Biddie wanted to know whether it was home news or foreign.

"It's about India," I said doubtfully.

Miss Biddie decided it was the foreign editor I wanted to see. A quarter of an hour later I reached his desk.

I came to the point quickly. I told him that I had received reliable information from India that the Indian government was negotiating a big loan from a fabulously rich Indian landlord whose name was Readymoney. Without it, it would be difficult to balance the budget.

"What would you call a big loan?" the foreign editor asked.

"Fifty crores," I said in a hushed voice.

"How much?"

I translated it into sterling—£40,000,000 . . . approximately.

The foreign editor looked askance at me. He did not think there was so much money left in India after the British left. But after a few well-worded cross questions shot at me, he was convinced that there might be something of a scoop in the story I had brought him.

"And how do they propose to repay it?" he asked.

"They don't. My source says that one of the new dams will bear the name of Readymoney as a token of the Indian government's appreciation of the loan."

The foreign editor got busy. He pressed a few buttons on his intercom set and spoke to a few people who sat at near-by desks. He checked and double-checked on me.

"Mavis," he finally bawled out to his secretary, "who is our man in India?"

Mavis came over chewing her pencil hard. "India? India?" she mumbled and finally decided to look it up in the file. "Well, Mr. Charles," she said on her return, file in hand, "it used to be Antony Fernandes, but when we addressed a query to him last year about Tensing's favourite dish the cable was returned 'addressee untraced.'"

"Well, trace him, dammitall. Cable the embassy, the consulate—what have we in India?"

"High Commission," I helped out.

"The High Commission! That's right. Cable the General Manager and ask what happened to our correspondent."

"We did that last time, Mr. Charles," Mavis replied in a calm, unruffled manner, "and they replied—er—er—I'll look it up."

Back again to the filing cabinet Mavis went and pulled out another file with a big H on it.

"Well?" the foreign editor asked impatiently.

"Well, they said . . . Oh, here it is: ANTONY FERNANDES NOT BRITISH SUBJECT WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN STOP INDIAN POLICE SAY VERY LIKELY GONE TO GOA AS NAME SUGGESTS PORTUGUESE DESCENT."

"Goa?" the foreign editor bawled, really loudly this time. "Where's Goa? Come on," he said to me, "let's look at the map."

After finding it on the map for Mr. Charles, I explained that the situation in Goa was somewhat fluid and it was unlikely that his correspondent, Antony Fernandes, could come out of Goa in a hurry. Too much red tape now. I even suggested that in future an Indian correspondent might be more suitable to gather Indian news.

Mr. Charles liked the idea. "But how do I know sitting in Fleet Street which one of the three hundred and fifty million Indians would be suitable to fill the post of Chief Diplomatic Correspondent in India?" I agreed it was a mouthful of a title and only a big man could fill the bill.

"Well," asked Mr. Charles, "where do we go from here?" I suggested, and even Miss Mavis agreed, that it would be all right to use the news prefixed with such caution as "it is alleged" or "it is reliably understood."

Mr. Charles was taking no chances. He said "O.K., but get it checked for libel. We don't want the Indian government suing us. It would be bad for our prestige."

The next morning's paper carried my story. It was headlined, INDIAN GOVT BORROWS AGAIN. I had clicked in Fleet Street.



Last Week of Term

WHAT curious bed-fellows hire purchase does make! As Mr. BUTLER threatened new austerities, Mr. BEVAN on the front Opposition bench slid along in the direction of Mr. GAITSKELL, and, like one of the ghosts in Dante's Inferno, put his arm around Mr. GAITSKELL's shoulder and embarked upon loud, if private, conversation. There are in this world few louder noises than that of Mr. BEVAN speaking in confidence. Even a helicopter over the House of Lords is quietness in comparison, and Mr. SHINWELL, who was endeavouring to address the House from his back bench, angrily shouted for mercy and for silence.

The Mirthless Chancellors

It was said of one of Mr. BUTLER's predecessors that "a joke in the Chancellor's mouth is no laughing matter." In a perhaps slightly different sense the same is true of Mr. BUTLER. Arguments, statistics, policies, prophecies—all trip easily off his tongue, but when it comes to jokes he gives the impression that he has read in a Manual for Politicians that "Chancellors should make one joke per speech." With infinite difficulty and distaste he has concocted a *bon mot*—often quite a good one—and delivers it with a withering smile. Cave, Dr. Johnson's publisher, had, the Doctor tells us, "no great relish for mirth, but he could bear it." Mr. BUTLER, too, can just bear it.

Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, his better half, is much the same, and controversy between them in a riot of nostalgic irrelevance pushes itself back from precedent to precedent. "What did Mr. Butler say in Paris? at the last General Election?" "What did Mr. Gaitskell fail to do at the General Election before that?" "What did the Tories do after Agincourt?" "Who paid purchase tax for Stonehenge?" One gets the impression that, like two unamused comedians, they go off together afterwards, saying to each other "I think that our act went off quite well this afternoon, don't you?" Meanwhile the great problem still remains: "If both parties want to give everybody more money, how are we to stop them from spending it when they have got it?"

Probably Mr. JOSEPH GRIMOND, who has the advantage that his constituents live a long way away in the Orkneys and Shetlands, is right that the public has just made up its mind that no Government is going to stop inflation and that that is the reason why everyone



is anxious to turn his money into goods or equities.

But it is a pity that there is so much of this Butskellism in debate, for each half of the Butskell, left to itself, has plenty that is sensible to say and there is a serious, even if it be not a critical, situation about which sensible things should be said. Frankly Mr. GAITSKELL's main fault, as indeed that of many politicians, is that he talks at such inordinate length. The river does somewhere wind safe to sea, but who is still awake by the time that it does so? But the triumph of the debate rested certainly with Sir EDWARD BOYLE. It will be interesting to see if one who has had the disadvantage of reaching the Front Bench so early in life will still be able to talk sense there sixty years from

now when he is beginning to qualify as an Elder Statesman.

Si Vis Bellum . . .

The trouble about the debate on Geneva was that it was so very much an interim report, and it is greatly to Sir ANTHONY EDEN's credit that he is not willing to come back waving a paper and saying "I think that this means peace in our time." He leaves that this time to the Foreign Secretary with his ominous "There ain't gonna be any war." The triumvir at Misenum, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the Czar and Napoleon on the raft at Tilsit, Versailles, Munich—the list of high-level talks and promises of perpetual peace which have in fact led rapidly to war is ominously long. It is hard to think of an example of such talks that has not had this result, and one suspects that Sir ANTHONY is as well aware of that list as anybody. He has been wished into this folly. All that can reasonably be said is that these talks have ended with the situation rather worse than when they began, but not so much worse as they might have been. The great danger is that the Germans will come to think that they can get unity by a private deal with the Russians but not in any other way.

. . . para Pacem

In fact the Geneva debate turned out to be something of an anticlimax. It is uncertain to-day who is the leader of the Opposition; Mr. SHINWELL is chasing Mr. NABARRO. The official Opposition, if such a body there be, speaking through the mouth of Mr. MORRISON, had accepted the motion for the adjournment of the House; but Mr. SHINWELL was in no mood to accept it. He challenged the suggestion that the House should adjourn so long as there were so many important questions unsettled, but the House of Commons permanently in session until original sin is abolished is a conception at which the human brain must reel.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

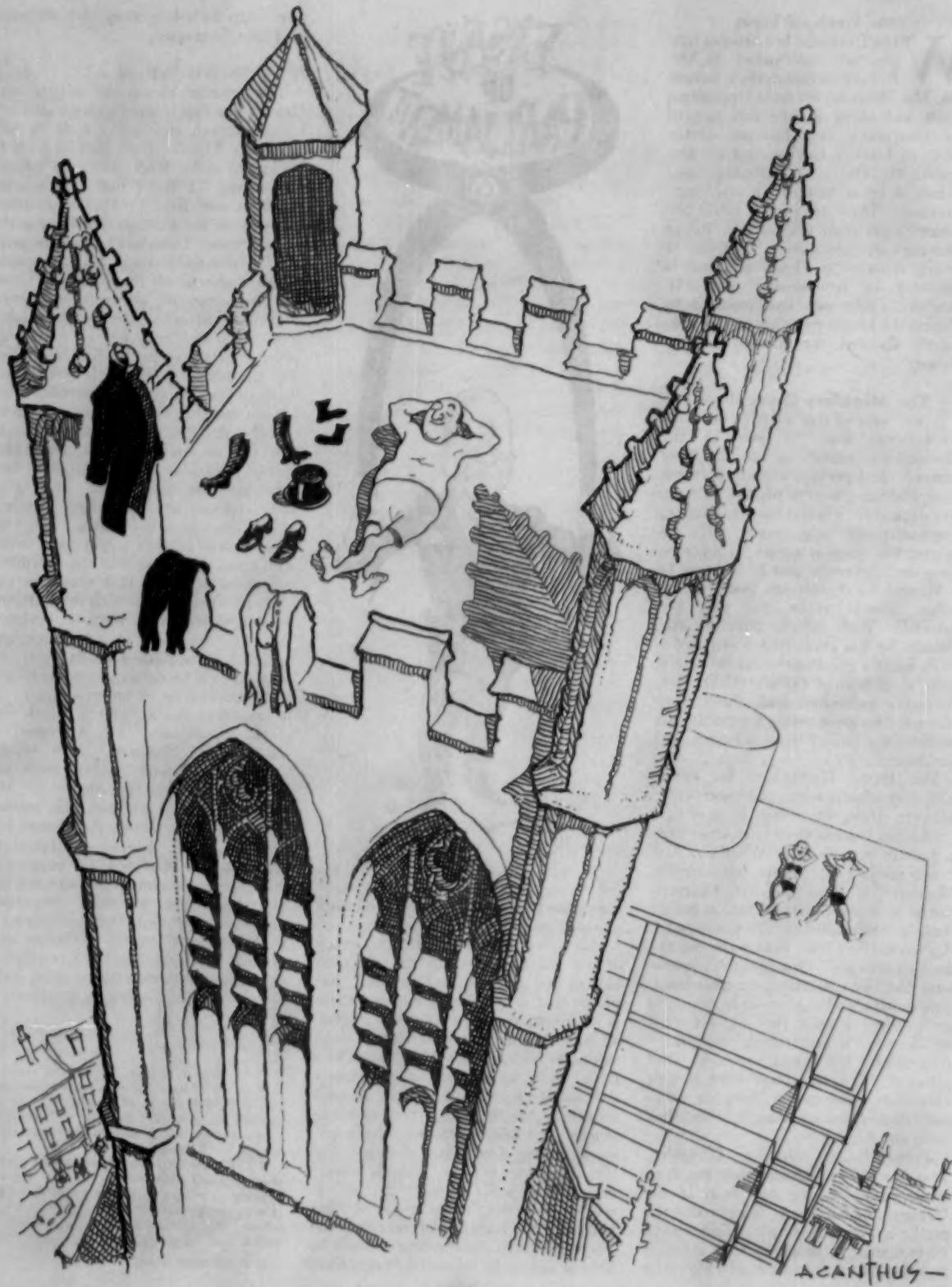
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"ANTARCTIC CALLS ADVENTURE GIRL"

A girl who lives for adventure is 20-year-old Ann Molynaux, of Southport, who has applied to join the crew of a Norwegian whaling ship on a seven-month Antarctic voyage."—*Birmingham Mail*

"The crew in Moby Dick would gasp if they opened this week's Junior Express Weekly . . . Maybe it's the same ocean, but it's a vastly different world from the one which Melville's insane Captain Ahab sailed . . ."—*Daily Express*

No argument here.



**One Move
Ahead**

THE READING was all about it in the economics text-books—when industrial activity, employment, domestic prices and the flow of imports were all under the thumbs of the reigning apostles of sound finance. In those days financial discipline worked. The merest hint of "open market operations" or a movement in Bank Rate was enough to cause a flutter in the board-rooms. Credit expanded or contracted according to the will of the Treasury and the Bank of England, and the number of those gainfully employed moved on a sliding scale with the vicissitudes of monetary policy. Theory and practice worked more or less hand in hand, and when the system came unstuck, as it did on occasion, the theorists pointed out with infuriating complacency that only time was needed to effect the inevitable reunion.

Well, after years of managed currency and central planning, we are back once again to first principles, to control by automatic procedure and discipline by economic determinism rather than decree. And we don't yet know whether the system will work. In theory the higher Bank Rate should have been followed by deflation all round, but so far there is no sign of it. In one week steel prices rose by five percent, climbing hard on the heels of transport, electricity and coal. Higher rates have not discouraged the hire-purchase boom; the credit squeeze has been followed by an increase in bank advances; dividends continue to soar, and the rush to buy industrial shares shows no real sign of slackening.

The country has fallen in love with inflation, with the fictitious atmosphere of well-being it promotes. After all, the number of people who suffer directly in a continuing spiral is relatively small. The fixed income group is long-suffering and utters its complaints in a still small voice, while the rest of us—cashing in on over-employment or backed by powerful unions—threaten to down tools unless we get our slice, or a bit more than our slice, of the boom.

Inflation makes high taxes easier to pay, and high taxes provide everyone



with an excuse for stepping up prices. And in this age of giant monopolistic organizations, nationalized and otherwise, it is easy enough to budget for forthcoming increases in costs and step up prices in anticipation of strikes, new wage demands, dearer fuel, power, transport and raw materials. It is considered more prudent nowadays to ask for (and of course get) rather more than is needed or justified.

The denationalized steel companies have not been doing badly. Their profits, by any standard, are good; their prospects excellent. But they have every excuse, according to the prevailing inflationary mood, for bumping up their

prices by £32 millions a year. After all, the recent increase in the price of coal will cost them £15 millions, and the latest jumps in rail freights and wages will set them back another £10 millions. So the buck is passed, and the scene is set for yet another twist of the spiral.

In the circumstances I can recommend the shares of Colvilles, Firth and Brown, J. Summers, United Steel, Dorman Long, Stewarts and Lloyds, Lancashire Steel, Whitehead and now Hadfields with every confidence. But I hope that other industries will show less alacrity in recouping themselves at the public's expense.

MAMMON

Land of Lost Content

A S ANY motorist may have observed, the country has never looked more prosperous. The pastures smile with fat fertility; the corn looks promising and the hedges are tidy. If you go along any lane for five miles you will have passed £10,000 worth of machinery working in the fields—bright red hay balers, garish yellow combines, while the labourer you pass homeward drives his lazy way, lounging on a tractor. England looks like a toy farm, where the child has put all his model machines out at once to play with. Nor can you help noticing that the farm houses are spruce with their concrete walks, swept yards and rows of milk churns standing neatly on a bench beside the road. There isn't a derelict cottage to be seen, and Langland's picture of the hungry threadbare ploughman is as remote as Pier's contentment.

For appearances can be most deceptive. The fact is that everybody in the country groans under a financial burden. We are bankrupt in every direction. Individual affluence seems to do nothing to lessen our communal poverty. It's the same every year: July always finds our village distraught with balance sheets, and the same tale can be told all over the country as one hon. treasurer after another faces his committee with the net takings.

To begin with our Fruit and Flower



Show lost £25 in spite of a good attendance. The Gymkhana has proved a flop. The takings at the gate didn't cover the prizes or the printing of the tickets. What's worse the dance that we held to raise funds to cover that deficit only succeeded in increasing the loss. The Women's Institute have scraped the barrel; the Music Society is in the red; and the Hunt owes its treasurer three years' postage and petty cash. As for the Amateur Dramatic Society, their members have mortgaged five years' subscriptions and all their peace of mind.

Whenever two or three of us meet now we do nothing but worry over pennies, discussing whether this society should be wound up, or who should fork out for the others. And the worst of it is that now all farmers are relatively prosperous none can see any reason why they should be charitable. Consequently we face another autumn of jumble sales, each buying each other's junk in order to square the various spring jamborees.

RONALD DUNCAN

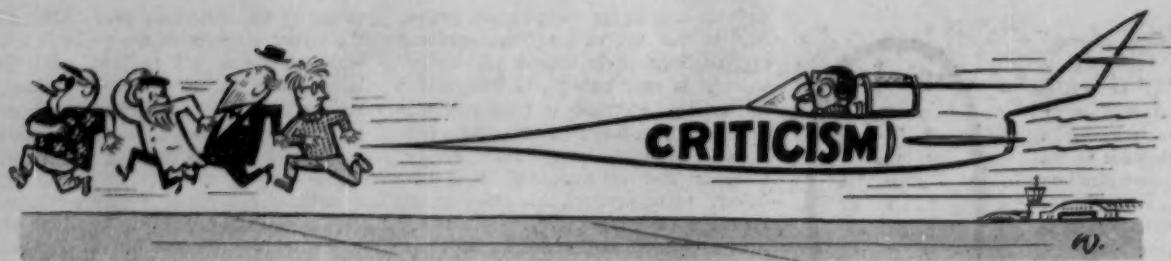
Modern Mythology

The Gnat, a new supersonic light fighter powered by an Orpheus jet-engine, has made its first flight.

THEY say when Orpheus hymned in Thrace
The very stones would leave their place;
Again are heard high Orphic strains
And glass-house windows lose their panes.

The Gnat that troubled Io's hide
Is now upon Europa's side.

J. P. A. R.



BOOKING OFFICE

The Crystal and the Book

SOME literary prophets commit themselves on big, vague subjects like the death of the novel or the return of the literature of engagement, knowing that nobody remembers whether in 1925 critics were right about the influence of Joyce on the fiction of the 'thirties or the future development of Virginia Woolf. I prefer to base my prophecies of the next ten years firmly on fact.

In Fiction I expect that the war experiences of the early 'forties and the spivish experiences of the later 'forties will give way to novels using experience of the early 'fifties, the years of the hydrogen bomb, the tacit rivalry of India and China for the leadership of Asia, the Stock Exchange boom and the box-office success of sentiment, the triumphs of Johnnie Ray, Billy Graham, Frankie Laine and Wilfred Pickles. In this century as in the last, war-time brutality and gaiety are giving place to sober technology and best-selling pieties. The high-living and high-thinking of Maugham and Morgan and Huxley and Waugh will be succeeded by homelier simplicities. There will be less caviar and more meat pie, less meditation on the Abstract and more hymn-singing to the Personal. Mr. Maugham, who has an eye for a trend if ever a man had, may possibly return to the milieu of *Liza of Lambeth*, or even rewrite *Rain* from the point of view of the missionary and *The Moon and Sixpence* from the point of view of Gauguin's wife. Before long, Little Nell will be dying again, inside an oxygen tent and with all the correct hallucinations, but still dying. The decline of outspokenness in respectable fiction will revive the dying art of pornography.

Some things are certain because, whatever happens to space, time marches on. Whether Yugoslavia turns towards Russia or the Mediterranean powers, whether or not atomic power kills the coal industry and turns mines into deep shelters, whether the Labour Party splits into two or into three, the

centenary of Sir William Watson's birth will still be in 1958. At this moment someone somewhere is establishing the definitive text, footnoting the collected correspondence, compiling the iconography. The major literary anniversaries, births and deaths, for the next decade throw a grim light on what is happening in the silent hours to-day. Even a very reduced list makes rather solid reading for a page embellished with so gay an illustration, but I want my prophecies to be firmly grounded on the evidence, which makes me academically a cut above Old Moore: Bacon,



Marlowe, Shakespeare—1964 is going to be hell—Defoe, Blake, Burns—1959 is going to be worse—Wilde, Richardson, Cobbett, Shaw, Conrad, Gissing, Conan Doyle, de Quincey, Macaulay, Barrie, Tagore, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Thackeray, Landor, Kipling, Yeats and, a centenary peg if ever there were one, Mrs. Beeton.

Much of the heavy stuff has been done already. Anybody who sits down to get all Thackeray's letters into print is going to be sobered, unless flighty beyond belief, by discovering that they

have been published already by Professor Ray. Would-be editors of Shakespeare must have a particularly strong feeling of being late in the queue. They will probably find themselves being pushed into preparing a Variorum Edition of A. E. W. Mason. However, centenaries of books as well as those of writers will be celebrated. Somewhere in Fulham or Wisconsin, in Adelaide or Wakefield, tired eyes are collating editions of *Guy Livingstone*.

The timing of publication is tricky. Hold back to the actual day and you may be scooped. Publish too early and people will forget that you are part of the festivities at all. One cunning method is to bring out your book a year or so before, as though by accident, and then savagely review all the books published during the centenary year from the position of an established authority. An even lower device is to team up with a small and not very busy publisher and rush out a book at the end of the year attacking work published at the beginning. Anyone who manages to get hold of original letters, of course, waits until an edition is advertised, then hurriedly gives his letters to a library, collars the Collected Correspondence for review and slashes it for its glaring omissions.

It is simple enough to forecast the works of scholarship. It is a bit harder to forecast the changes in the attitude from which the critics will survey the hero of the centenary. There is often an extra-literary element in the work of those who find the insistence of the New Criticism on sticking to the text hampering. Who would have expected in the heyday of Freudian criticism the return of Jung? Somewhat doubtfully I tip a revival of Adler. As far as I can remember he stresses the Will to Power rather than the Libido, and one can see how helpful this might be in discussing Fiction. He also attaches great importance to the child's order in the family. A novel beginning "I was the fourth child of seven" gives the plot away in the first sentence. This approach would reinstate the Baptismal Register in literary history, a source much

neglected by critics like Professor Wilson Knight.

Here, however, I teeter on the edge of sheer conjecture. Leaping back to safety I forecast that in 1957 evidence will show that during 1955 and 1956 there has been a good deal of quiet work in progress on *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Narrow Smile. Peter Mayne. *John Murray*, 18/-

To live with the Pathans even for a short period would scarcely provoke even a narrow smile from me, but to read Mr. Mayne's account of his return to the Pashto speaking tribes of the North West Frontier Province is not only entertaining but instructive.

During his service as an R.A.F. officer the author's close association with the Pathans imbued him with a sympathy for their way of life. This account covers his travels in both West Pakistan and Afghanistan, although his sympathies seem to lie more with the Pakistanis than with the Afghans. He shows how the embryonic Pashtunistan need not necessarily be regarded as a potential danger area.

A. V.

The Genius and the Goddess. Aldous Huxley. *Chatto and Windus*, 7/6

This odd long-short-story seems to be a renewed attempt by Mr. Huxley at discussion of a theme through fiction, but, as the characters are still not living people, life is still restricted to the passages of conversational comment. The priggish young research assistant, the child-like physicist of genius, the wife on whose sexuality he lives and whose affair with the prig restores her power of inspiration, and the dreadful daughter who has a "crush" on the prig and tries to smash the lovers are apparently intended to illuminate all kinds of questions.

One is told what to think about it all; but in retrospect it is the incidental flashes, the old Huxley, one remembers. The obliquity of the approach, with the research assistant reminiscing to the narrator, seems old-fashioned rather than that bridge between the explicit and the implicit that Mr. Huxley has been seeking for so long. The opening, with the reminiscer's large, lined face lighting up with an expression of affectionate irony, makes one feel that the anonymous narrator must be called Carruthers.

R. G. G. P.

Poems of Richard Cobett. Edited by J. A. W. Bennett and H. R. Trevor-Roper. *Oxford University Press*, 30/-

Richard ("Rewards - and - Fairies") Cobett was a very satisfactory seventeenth-century cleric, a jolly, fat Arminian who rose to high ecclesiastical office because someone important always wanted the job he happened to be in. He became bishop of Oxford and then Norwich and for a short time, before Henry King got a see, was accounted

"the best poet of all the bishops of England."

Apart from the famous song his satires are his most likeable work, the verse extraordinarily smooth and limpid for the period, and the humour very well sustained; I laughed out loud several times. Even his adulatory epistles to such scullions of majesty as Buckingham are streaked with a wit that fully justifies their revival; he had a pleasingly moderate detestation of Puritans. The volume is, of course, very well produced and edited.

F. D.

Shaka Zulu. E. A. Ritter. *Longman's*, 21/-

Shaka was no more savage than the chiefs he defeated as he created the Zulu Empire, merely more efficient; but, like Napoleon, he is guiltier by the measure of his intelligence. He had some humour, great curiosity and the typical dictator's sentimentality and liking for the unexpected kindness. The frontiers of the highly disciplined Zulu state advanced by massacre; within them there was peace, produced by fear of a cruelty that ordered death by torture for the mildest failure to obey the maddest whim.

Mr. Ritter has combined scholarly research with memories of hearing the legends of the reign from Zulus in his boyhood. He assesses the strength and weakness of Zulu society with a judgment nourished on Toynbee and the anthropologists; but his great virtue is his ability to make descriptions of action illuminate both the Zulu thought-world and the military genius of Shaka. Though the bloodshed and the sex is far from scamped, the book is never merely sensational and contains some of the best accounts of battles I have ever read. This is Henty for adults.

R. G. G. P.

Biography of a Nation. A Short History of Britain. Angus Maude and Enoch Powell. *Phenix House Ltd.*, 12/6

When politicians write history, one might expect it would be racier than the work of cloistered dons, such as Mr. Trevor-Roper or Mr. Taylor. Actually these Tory M.P.s seem so much awed by learning that their book is highly conventional. It is blameless, a little dull. Dr. Rowse and Sir Llewelyn Woodward on the same theme are much more spirited, and, unlike Sir Arthur Bryant, the authors avoid geography and the picturesque. Their theme is the rise of national consciousness, but since this is comparatively



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recent, their earlier pages are sketchy and their later ones pessimistic. They dislike both medieval and twentieth-century cosmopolitanism.

Not but that some good points are made. Rufus, for example, was so called not for his hair but for his face; King John's patron saint was an Anglo-Saxon archbishop who must have been worried by him, and Henry II arranged for Edward the Confessor to be canonized. Henry VIII, we are reminded, had seven children by Katherine of Aragon besides Mary, and was interested in theology since he had been trained for the Church; while Wycliffe, when putting a fast one over about transubstantiation, called his treatise *The Wicket*.

J. E. B.

The Lucian Legend. Mary Lutyens. *Hutchinson*, 12/6

Since the publishers tell us explicitly that the setting of this novel is not Ruritania, a coined word, Novelloland, must be used instead to describe it. We are concerned with Lucian, Crown Prince of Venosa, a rather lounge-lizard type with a strong and slightly redeeming dash of patronage of the arts. He, infatuated with a French dancer, makes Lady Molly Pomfret his Princess and, with a minimum of intimacy, mother of his heir. Molly, cruelly neglected, falls in love first with good works and then with her husband's equerry. Meanwhile Lucian, having built a palace in readiness for a reunion with his dancer, transfers his attentions to Ilia, his almost infant protégée. Revolution in Venosa sends the whole Royal Circus for a time to England, where Molly and Philip and Lucian and Ilia find everything very merry without even an echo of a wedding bell. From patience to politics all games are dull and pointless unless played according to their rules, and love as portrayed here is no exception.

B. E. S.

The Paintings of Tiepolo. Antonio Morassi. *Phaidon Press*, 42/-

Few people who went to the recent exhibition of eighteenth-century painting at Burlington House can fail to have been struck by Giambattista Tiepolo's magnificent picture that dominated the main hall—indeed the whole gallery—"The Banquet of Cleopatra," from the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, Australia. Tiepolo (1696-1770) is now emerging as a painter of far greater standing than he was once thought to be during a period when any hint of "baroque" was worse than damaging. "Baroque" is really an inaccurate qualification to apply to him, but it was inevitable that he should be so styled. He burst out at an epoch when Venetian painting had fallen on evil days, and since his death all kind of inferior work has been attributed to his hand.

This excellent volume from the Phaidon Press is very welcome. It is to be followed by another dealing with the same artist in some of his different

aspects, the present work being intended chiefly to re-define his position. Although not above being influenced by Veronese and others (Rembrandt is also at times unexpectedly in evidence), Tiepolo is a supreme master in his own right, blending beautiful and forceful design with an intensely poetic imagination. Most of all by his genius he restored the dignity of the fresco.

A. P.

The Mask of Glass. Holly Roth. *Hamish Hamilton*, 9/6

Crime fiction in America is now deserting call-girls and hoodlums for the trammels of the spy-ring and counter-intelligence (a term that seems to give the enemies of the State a qualitative pat on the back), and the secret code, devilishly intricate and cunning, is right back in favour. The secret dossier in *The Mask of Glass* contains the names of senators, army chiefs, F.B.I. agents and leaders of counter-intelligence, all working for the Commies and revolution, and it is our hero, of course, who discovers the plot, deciphers the code and gets badly mauled in the process.

After a lot of neat work with cameras, explosives and plastic surgery we reach a reasonably happy ending: "... it is a measure of the length to which the Communists will go. It is a warning as strong as the H-bomb. In this case, though, it has been stopped cold. We're safe."

"Doc said, 'Yes—until they think up a seventh column.'"

A breezy, direct thriller, well worth reading.

A. B. H.

AT THE PLAY

A Midsummer Night's Dream
(OPEN AIR)

IN the matter of daughters it is interesting to compare the behaviour of Egeus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with that of Wilfrid Hyde White as the unruffled father in *The Reluctant Debutante*. On this subject, despite the gulf of time, they would have seen pretty well eye to eye. Mr. Hyde White, it is true, is a philosopher. Faced by the suspicious absence of his daughter at four in the morning, his most violent reaction is to open another bottle of champagne. About Egeus we are not told much. He may simply have been single-minded concerning Hermia's marriage to the bridegroom of his choice. But the fact remains that when he finds she has spent the night with a man in the shrubbery he remarks blandly "I wonder of their being here together," and displays only a faint irritation because it was the wrong man. Personally I have always thought Hermia to have been well out of Demetrius. No great future could have lain in store for a youth so dim-witted

that he was unable to get away from a girl in a wood.

This portion of *The Dream*, in ROBERT ATKINS' open-air production, is fairly done, in particular by HILDA SCHRODER, who makes a quick and forceful Hermia. RICHARD CAREY speaks with authority as Theseus, and TRISTAN RAWSON is a gracious Egeus. The fairy department is up to the highest standard of the Ministry of Works, light of foot and persuasively indigenous to Regent's Park; one reservation only, that in repose Peaseblossom and Co. continue to wave their hands and float draperies, giving an impression of tropical fish treading water, which I found very distracting. In ROBERT EDDISON they have an Oberon who would lend distinction to any cast. Superbly spoken, very still, a little sinister with his great feathered helmet and green make-up, he is a creature to whom no one would grudge supernatural powers.

As usual in this delightful theatre the production gains constantly by its lovely background of floodlit trees, changing colour as the night grows. It is an honest job, but I shall remember it chiefly for Mr. EDDISON and for the inspired nonsense of its rustics. Mr. ATKINS has wisely decided that in the open air the Thisby saga can stand a good deal of slapstick, and he makes it exceedingly funny. He himself is the weaver, a solid, booming, endearing donkey obviously cut out for municipal honours. RUSSELL THORNDIKE's Quince looks like an *avant-garde* headmistress of about the 1890s; testy and anxious, and never ceasing to drive his nervous cast from the back seat. CLEMENT HAMELIN's Starveling is a desiccated ancient, hopelessly deaf, and as Thisby JOHN STERLAND reaches extraordinary treble peaks. Everything goes wrong, but somehow the fooling does no outrage to Shakespeare, owing to the controlling skill of Mr. ATKINS and Mr. THORNDIKE.

Bird-watchers may be interested to know that at 9.25 a pair of herons flew over, going north-west, and clearly thinking more of bed than the drama.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Much Ado About Nothing (Palace—27/7/55), splendidly done by the Stratford "away" company. *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* (New—1/6/55), America's contribution to bigamy. *My Three Angels* (Lyric—25/5/55), France's guide to judicious murder. All heart-wave diet.

ERIC KEOWN



Quince—RUSSELL THORNDIKE

Bottom—ROBERT ATKINS

AT THE GALLERY

The National Gallery of Canada

THIS week, for a change, I am writing from Canada, where the National

Gallery was founded in 1880 by a painter called Lucius R.-O'Brien, who obtained the support of the then Governor-General, Lord Lorne (later

Duke of Argyll) and his wife, H. R. H. Princess Louise.

Once housed in the upper stories of a fish-hatchery, the Gallery was moved in 1908 to the Victoria Memorial Museum, where certain antique casts at first earned the disapproval of some over-straitlaced residents.

As it stands to-day the collection is catholic in scope and contains a number of first class pictures. Its size (at the moment) is such that most of these can be taken in in a single visit. After three or four visits, among the works which particularly attracted me was a large and incredibly joyous early Italian altar-piece by Neri Ricci, composed of angels, wings, and robes on a gold ground; a more restrained canvas in the same category by Benozzo Gozzoli, and a Veronese of a magnificent draped Magdalene against a blue sky. An extraordinarily vital St. Andrew, by Ribera, in violent black to white technique, made me wonder whether any better way of rendering flesh has since been achieved. The "Arsenal" among the Canalettos, and a stormy Turner are works which any gallery would be proud to possess.

Among lighter exhibits must be included a Zoffany group and a comic, exquisite Loutherbourg: Cézanne (five works) and Van Gogh (three works); the Impressionists well represented. The Massey Collection, presented in 1946, a series of fine works by English artists (John, Steer, Sickert, Smith and others) is a most agreeable and complimentary record of this country's painting in recent years. Established Canadian painters, impressionist and later—Morrice Lissner, MacDonald, Harris—are shown in good numbers, and a fine collection of drawings may be seen in the print-room.

ADRIAN DAINTREY

AT THE PICTURES



Soldier of Fortune—The Private War of Major Benson

THIS week's films—at least the English-language ones—seem to me to have one thing in common: they combine extreme efficiency of technique and strong immediate entertainment-value with a quality, very hard to define, which is much less laudable. I mean they all carry that air of having been made irresponsibly for nothing but immediate entertainment, of being (as I said of something the other week) slick commercial jobs. To admit that they are, of their kind, extremely well done and that they involved an enormous amount of skill and trouble is simply in this instance another way of saying that they are superlatively slick.

We will begin with the one I have least hesitation in saying this about: *Soldier of Fortune* (Director: EDWARD DMYTRYK). This has admirable qualities: the visual pleasure it gives with Cinema-Scope pictures of the streets, the surroundings, the coast and the sea off Hong Kong is considerable, there are good



Hank Lee—CLARK GABLE

Jane Hoyt—SUSAN HAYWARD

amusing lines among much less distinguished dialogue, and many of the parts, conventional as most of them are, are very well played. Moreover, as I have suggested, it succeeds in being continuously entertaining and sometimes exciting as a sheer story. Why, you—and certainly the producers—may well ask, make a fuss because it is no more?

Perhaps because the "hokum" basis of the story is just a little too obvious. Here we have the one about the picturesque character with all the qualities of a hero except that he operates on the wrong side of the law and very profitably gets away with it. True, we don't (I think) see him doing anything particularly disgraceful; but he lives in a miniature palace in the greatest luxury which we are given to understand is paid for by the proceeds of disgraceful doings in the past. And as he is played by CLARK GABLE, the wife (SUSAN HAYWARD) who has spent the whole film passionately dedicated to the task of getting her captive husband released by Communist China decides, at the fade-out—once her husband is free—to pair off with the Gable character instead. How brazen can script-writers get?

Here the script-writer is ERNEST K. GANN, who adapted the thing from his own novel; perhaps the novel had room to dilate on motives and made the final change of partners less abrupt. But as it is, it looks like a calculated device to round the film off neatly and enjoyably for the unthinking customers.

One candidate for the second part of this article is *Interrupted Melody*, based on the life of Marjorie Lawrence the operatic soprano, who was smitten by polio and triumphed over it; but instead I propose to say a word about *The Private War of Major Benson* (Director: JERRY HOPPER). This is about a martinet Major (CHARLTON HESTON)—the start of the picture shows him

driving his young trainees almost beyond endurance—who is put in command of a military school of disconcertingly young cadets, and applies similarly harsh methods there.

The fact that the school is a religious foundation, the non-military authorities being nuns, opens the way for all kinds of roguish all-knowing (the cliché is perhaps rather "infinitely wise") glances from the Mother Redempta and bitten-back bad language from the irate Major. The other formula for fun is the contrast between the very large (Mr. HESTON) and the very small (TIM HOVEY, the youngest cadet, aged six), and what is called the "romantic interest" is taken care of by having the place's resident doctor played by JULIE ADAMS. You hardly have to be told that the boys, who have rashly signed a petition to Washington to have the Major removed, regret it in time, and the climax is a parade at which they exert themselves to do him credit before inspecting officers. No one can pretend it isn't entertaining; and yet . . . and yet . . .

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Among the new ones are three very different pieces, all of which I enjoyed: *Not as a Stranger*, *The Seven Year Itch* and *Escapade*. *Interrupted Melody* (see above) has the steaminess of so many show-business biographies and quite a bit of dubbed operatic singing, but even so I found it more bearable than the Italo-Japanese-French-English *Madame Butterfly*, which is charming to look at and (musically) to listen to, but not simultaneously. Still to be recommended in London: *Rififi* (13/7/55) and of course *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55).

The only new release reviewed here was *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1/6/55), which I found entertaining in ways not much to do with JULES VERNE.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Aided Recall

TO measure TV impact and activation, viewers of the commercials are found and cross-questioned on their reactions . . . The interview is accompanied by a pantry and bathroom check to discover what brands have been bought." I quote from an article appearing in a sheet called *Commercial Television News*, and hasten to add that the pantry and bathroom check mentioned is a purely American phenomenon.

Of course it can happen here: the commercial boys are already talking about the "penetration index" of TV advertisements, about "commercial noting checks," tele-voter machines and "co-incidental calls," and from this kind of jargon it is about a short step to the bathroom door . . .

"What'll I do-oo, when you-oo are far-a-way and I . . . Hello, yes, who's that?"

"I represent the Audience Measurement Bureau. May I come in?"

"Certainly not—I'm in the bath. Audience what?"

"Impact and Activation. We check up on TV commercials. Whose soap are you using?"

"Carbolic, why?"

"Didn't you see the 'Antoinette Savon Programme,' Thursday, 8.59?"

"No, did you?"

"I'm asking the questions. Which toothpaste d'you use?"

"I don't."

"How would you like to win £5,000 in a Razorless Shaving Competition?"

"Come inside . . ."

As I say it can happen. Meanwhile, like many other people I am beginning to



[Off the Record]

wonder how far the B.B.C. can go with its plugs, puffs and mentions without itself going commercial. We have seen trailers for films, excerpts from West End plays, scientific "shorts" issued by petroleum companies, book reviews, fortuitous displays of branded sports goods at Wimbledon and elsewhere, and gramophone record programmes; and the question will shortly arise whether or not a free ad. by courtesy of Lime Grove is more effective than a costly one jostling for attention in the crowded programmes of the I.T.A. If I were a seller of gramophone records I should certainly prefer a "spot" in Jack Payne's "Off the Record" series to anything that could be prepared by an advertising agency, and if I sold ball-point pens I think a Press campaign featuring a Lime Grove star would interest me quite as much as a £250 commercial.

Jack Payne's programme is a "natural" and deservedly popular. Here are the

current idols of music hall and jam session, oozing glamour and selling their wares as energetically as fair-ground hucksters. We see them singing or playing the very tunes they have just inscribed on wax, and we are told that the records are now available—if we hurry—in the shops. The tunes are dreadful and cannot hope to last more than a few weeks, but the resultant trade, I am told, is fantastically good. One appearance on TV is worth more in publicity value than all the plugging of Tin Pan Alley and the Charing Cross Road.

Payne himself is an efficient host. He speaks English, doesn't gush in the conventional disc-jockey style, and is not afraid to offer mild criticism of the music he helps to sell. In an attempt to raise

the tone of the programme and give it an instructional twist the glamour is interlarded with filmed interludes depicting records in the making, and I imagine that most viewers find these pictures of melting wax as baleful as I do. "Off the Record" is one of the B.B.C.'s most effective selling lines in the new competitive field, and it is a mistake to rub the gilt off a gingerbread with a blackboard duster.

On the heels of Baron's series on photography comes an art course directed by that breezy person Mervyn Levy. His "Why Not Paint?" programmes should in time refurbish the Royal Academy with scores of Churchillian masterpieces. Once again TV is good for home trade. Baron's series rushed the shares of camera manufacturers into the heights, films and filters were sold out overnight and dark rooms everywhere worked overtime: now it is the turn of the artists' colourmen.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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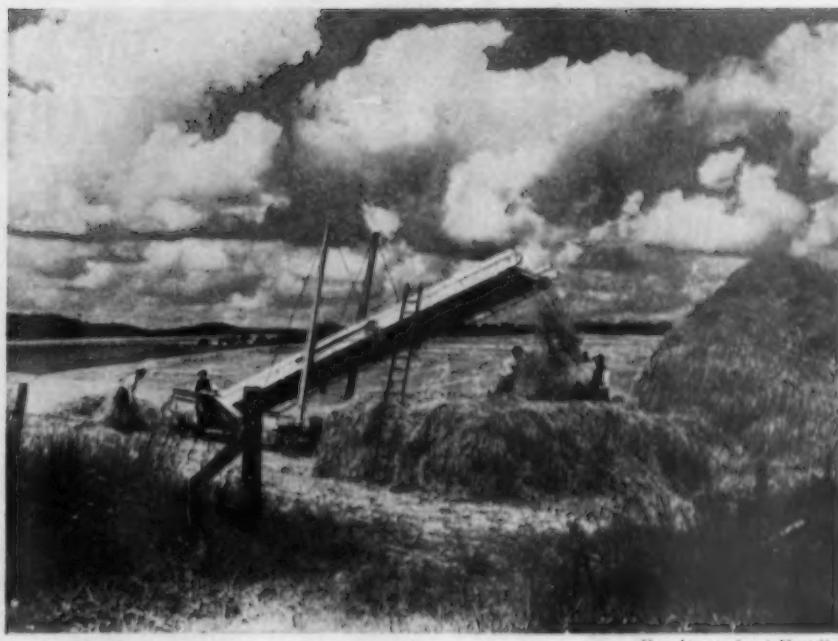
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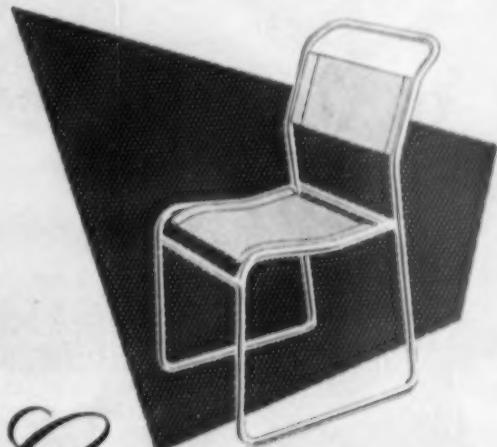


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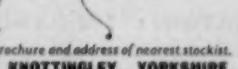
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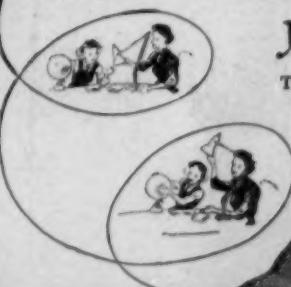
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